The Hope of Europe

The Reporter

SHAPE's Commander

October 16, 1951 25c

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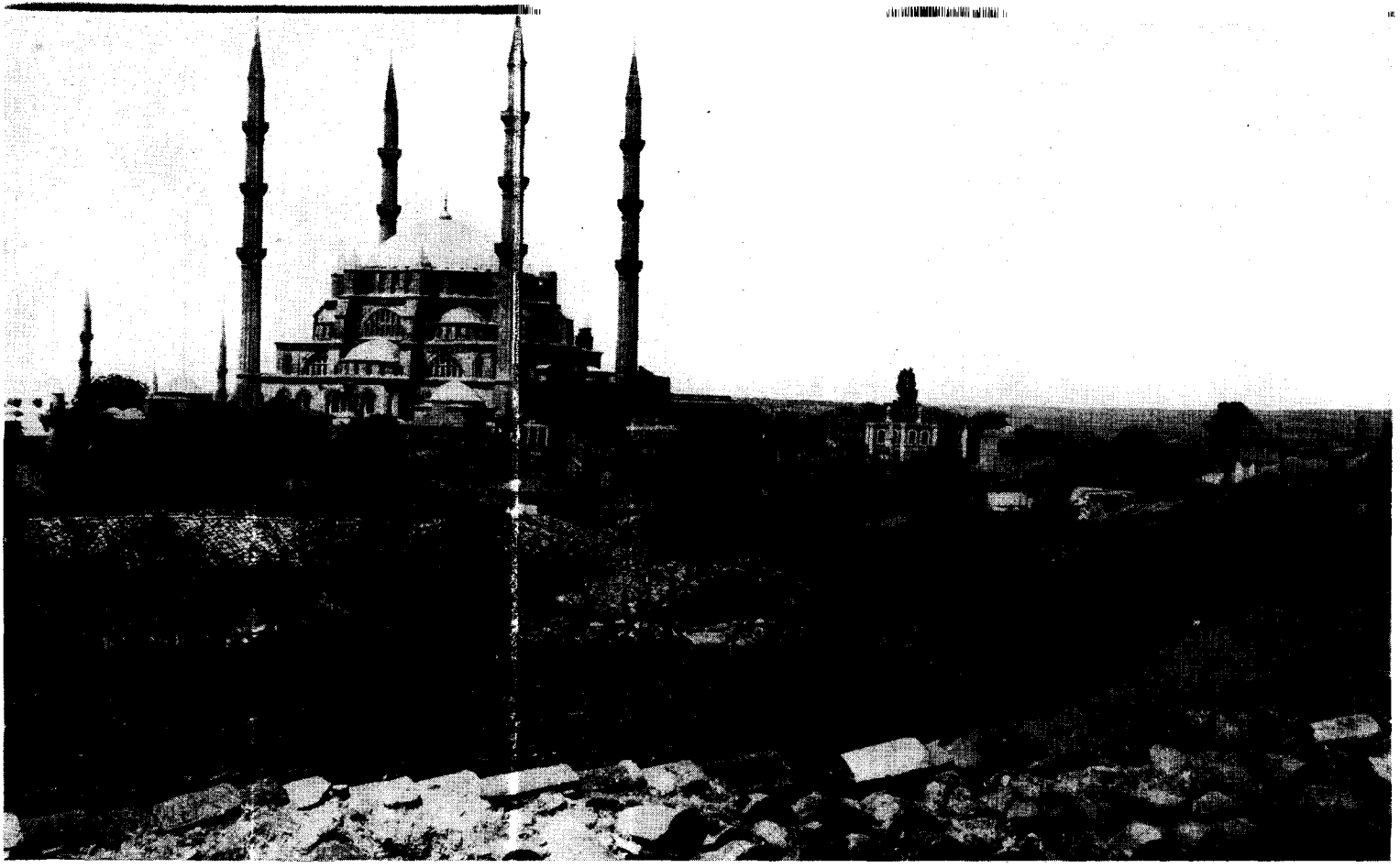
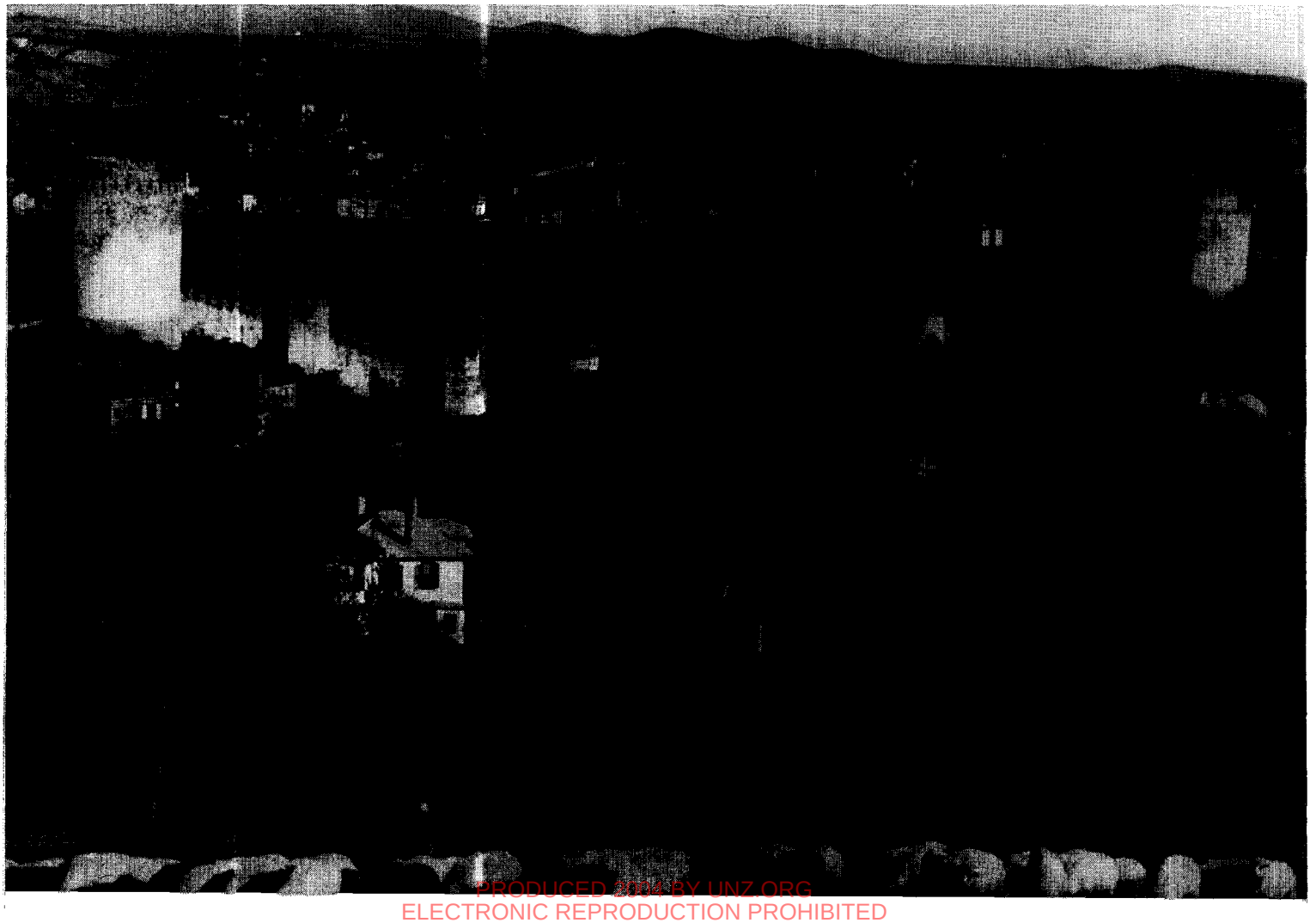


In Turkey: below, the Bosphorus; above, a mosque in Adrianople **(see page 17)**



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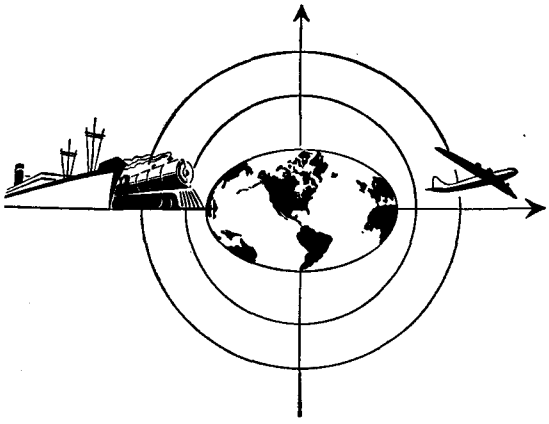

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

ACODID

The calendar of international conferences is already quite full, yet we think there is room for a new assembly of democratic statesmen. It could be called the Atlantic Conference On Domestic Internal Difficulties.

At conventional formal gatherings, the conferees cannot for a moment forget the tribulations that make their lives miserable at home. But they must not speak too openly, even in private meetings, about their domestic difficulties, for they cannot afford to raise too many doubts on the authority they wield as representatives of sovereign nations.

The ACODID should be a completely hair-down conference, held without any publicity, agenda, or transcript. The presidency, of course, should go to Secretary Acheson, as representative of the most powerful nation, and he would have to make the opening speech. Our allies need to be told by a man like Mr. Acheson where power lies now in the United States, a country that constantly oscillates between Presidential and Congressional government. At present we are going through an era of Congressional government, tempered by fits of Presidential wrath. Mr. Acheson could talk brilliantly about the Opposition which, until now, has stood in his way—an Opposition less interested in his policies than in the discovery of his propensity to crime.

He would find, we guess, an interested but not over-sympathetic audience. With the exception of the British and Canadians, everyone would envy him, for in spite of all the McCarthys and the reluctant Democrats, he enjoys a far greater freedom to initiate policies and carry them through than his European colleagues can ever dream of. After all, he does not have to go to international conferences to stay in office, and nobody, to defend him, says that he is the only man whom Mr. Schuman is accustomed to see.

The conferees could swap all sorts of stories on Communism, the hydra-like monster with as many heads as there are non-Communist countries. In their collective research on comparative headaches, the Atlantic statesmen would discover striking similarities in the way the professional patriots of each country manufacture or blow up nationalist issues.

Toward the end of the conference one general conclusion would emerge: Demagoguery is the main cause of most of the statesmen's troubles. They would recognize that only too frequently they have given in to the demagoguery of their opponents. The conference would end, we think, on a note of humility and prayer.

Of course, we have no illusion that such a meeting could remain unnoticed. Some columnists would announce that a Protective Association of Atlantic Office Holders had been founded, to establish a self-perpetuating international oligarchy. Radio Moscow would have a field day, and so would the Chicago *Tribune*. They would all say that an era of international logrolling had begun, that policies would be trimmed to help out congenial foreign statesmen and parties.

We must say, in all earnestness, that we don't mind international logrolling and mutual help among like-minded politicians. How otherwise can we expect the Atlantic or the European union ever to be established?

THANKS, MR. PRESIDENT

We are grateful to the President for his recent declaration that as long as he remains at the White House Mr. Acheson will be his Secretary of State. From now on, Mr. Acheson's policies—not his job or his fitness to hold it—will be the issue of all serious foreign-policy debates. From now on, we can discuss Mr. Acheson as a man who deserves and needs the criticism of those who respect him.

The vicious attacks, of course, will go on. But we won't need to bother so much about McCarthy—only when we want to.

A CENTURY OF SERVICE

We speak, of course, of the New York *Times,* the best and the greatest source of facts for anyone who is in the habit of thinking about what goes on in the world. This hundred years of the New York *Times* proves that a democracy too can create institutions capable of growing from one generation to another without deviating from their original purposes. This particular institution so essential to our thinking does not try to govern our thinking. It is not a government project, but a privately owned enterprise that handsomely pays its way—although the worth of the New York *Times* cannot be measured in terms of money.

We feel so stirred by the centennial anniversary of the New York *Times* that we are thankful for everything that appears in its pages. Yes, we feel thankful even for Arthur Krock's column—that strange bulletin of a very restricted society to which only statesmen whose wisdom is untapped seem to belong. (There are, of course, exception to this rule, since, for reasons that we cannot yet fathom, Mr. Truman seems to have been given a guest card.) We feel obliged to the New York *Times* for carrying Mr. Krock's sly prose. Several times a week it serves to remind us that that great institution, after all, is of this world.

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CORRESPONDENCE

GO

To the Editor: Romney Wheeler begins his article on "Japan's Price for Peace" in your September 18 issue with a comparison of Japanese policy to the national game of Japan, "a genteel pastime called Go," which consists in moving "button-sized markers across a board until you get five in a row." This game "looks easy," but is "more difficult than chess"; and "Few Occidentals have learned the game, although the Allied powers have occupied Japan for six years."

The case, unfortunately, is actually far worse than even Wheeler realizes. The five-in-a-row game that he describes is not Go, but the Japanese game of Go Moku (known in the West as Go Bang), which is a much simpler game. Go, the national game of Japan, has for its object the *acquisition of territory,* and is planned not on the basis of a single battle but of an entire campaign. That the Allied powers have not learned much about this game in six years is not surprising, since it would take much longer than six years to play the ten thousand games that the Japanese say are necessary in order to acquire the skill of a professional player of even the lowest degree. How much worse if the Allied powers are under the illusion that an entirely different and much simpler game is being played!

Wheeler points to the imminent danger of the revival of the power of the Zaibatsu. What is involved here is both the welfare of the common people of Japan and the success of democratic resistance to Stalinism in the Far East. The signing of the San Francisco treaty leaves the future of Japan very hazy.

DAVID T. BURBANK
St. Louis

PROUDEST SENSE

To the Editor: The articles published in your periodical are consistently of a high order. Of particular interest is your September 18 article on "Blanshard's Crusade," which presents a Roman Catholic view of Paul Blanshard's criticism of the Church.

It is rather extraordinary to find in a leading non-Catholic journal an intelligent Catholic discussion of this highly controversial issue. The possibility that a Roman Catholic might have an honest and intelligent opinion upon this matter is something which, until now, seems largely to have escaped the consideration of leading Protestant and liberal publications.

In earnestly seeking the truth wherever it may be found, in upholding the cause of freedom for all men—with charity toward those whose minds have not yielded to the evidence which has persuaded your own—your periodical may justly claim to be "liberal" in the proudest sense of that term.

WILLIAM J. DALEY
Alexandria, Virginia

THREE FALLACIES

To the Editor: Instances of irrational thinking serve an educational purpose if they are impartially tested by analysis. It is with a wish to attempt this that I am calling attention to the letter from N. Seelye Hitchcock in your issue of September 4, 1951.

Three fallacies of reasoning seem here evident, entirely apart, of course, from any question of the privilege of the letter writer to take whatever stand he chooses on the MacArthur affair. The first is the error of attributing the enormously complex "mess" in which we find ourselves to a single cause, namely, "our present political leader." So many other factors, here ignored, enter into the casual relation that the basic assumption is logically untenable.

Secondly, in describing as "wet" the article by John E. Sawyer on "The MacArthur Affair" (July 24 issue), the writer descends to the familiar game of substituting emotionalism and name-calling for actual thinking. He would have us believe that the article is soggy simply because he does not agree with it. Obviously he has a perfect right to feel that General MacArthur was shabbily treated by President Truman; but the process of reasoning by which he disregards evidence and jumps to the conclusion that any other feeling or judgment than his own is contemptible is just the line of argument—it is often the partisan line—which easily runs to the extreme of insisting that because you differ with me you are a Communist.

The third fallacy is another example of extremism. The writer of the letter assumes that those who side with Truman against MacArthur do so simply because to them "everything Truman does is O.K." In saying this he overlooks his own equally irrational postion—namely, that everything the President does is wrong. It has been truly said that lazy or dogmatic minds can have no true sense of proportion.

These errors are to be taken seriously not only because they are so common but because they display so clearly the seeds of our confusion. It is these facts which make them dangerous. They indicate far too typically the immaturity of mind with which millions of us are facing the modern world's supreme test: that of breadth and balance of understanding.

H. DOUGLAS WILD
Ben Lomond, California

NONPROFESSIONAL QUERIES

To the Editor: John Spore's article, "Air Force vs. Army," in your September 4 issue, leaves me mystified. What is he trying to say? If it's the fact that there is a question about the role of tactical planes in warfare, that's not new, nor has he presented any new ideas to make the story newsworthy. *The Reporter* has more imagination that that!

However, Spore is a professional writer on military subjects. I'm not. He undoubtedly has many "facts" at hand. I don't. Therefore I'd like to raise a few questions.

1. Does the fact that the theories of Mitchell et al. have not been altered make them invalid or questionable per se?

2. Is the success of interdiction in Korea really a military matter, or might it be tinged with the diplomatic theories against bombing bases in Manchuria? (Not that I'm in favor of bombing Manchuria, but in analyzing the success of modern techniques in time of war it must be remembered that this is a diplomatic as well as a military war and neither the diplomats nor the military should be condemned because of the limiting influence of the other.)

3. Although mention was made of the Marine Corps' "specialized aviation," can it be said that any branch of service has done more in development of specialized fire control than the Air Force?

4. May I have proof for the statement that the Air Force gives third priority to close support and would rather shun the "sharp battle-honed spear of the enemy" and attack the spear at the shaft? It was my belief that interdiction, close air support, and air superiority were each given a place in the organization of the Air Force.

5. As for the place of the whole question of Marines vs. other branches of services, it seemed to me this emotional outlook weakened his whole article. Isn't this an emotional professional's way of rabble-rousing in a nonprofessional, nondefinitive way?

ELIZABETH DOUGLAS
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 5, No. 8 **OCTOBER 16, 1951**

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in this issue . . .

The recent conferences on the defense of Europe showed that there is no time at all to lose: Europe must merge its sovereignties if it is to survive. **Max Ascoli,** just back from Europe, has written for this issue the first of a series of editorials in which he will outline the political character that this new European unity must take if it is to succeed.

Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber is now foreign editor of *Paris-Presse*. . . . **Hans Landsberg,** a frequent contributor, is a professional economist in Washington. . . . **Lindsay Rogers** is a member of the Department of Public Law and Economics at Columbia University. . . . **Herbert L. Matthews,** a veteran foreign correspondent, is on the editorial staff of the New York *Times*. . . . **William H. Hessler,** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, wrote *Operation Survival*. . . . **William S. Fairfield** is a Washington reporter who specializes in agricultural matters. . . . **Robert Bendiner,** editor and author, wrote *The Riddle of the State Department*. . . . **John Grierson** is controller of film activities for the British Central Office of Information. . . . **Allen Raymond** has been a foreign correspondent for both the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . **Honor Croome** writes for the London *Economist*. . . . Cover by **San Bon Matsu;** photographs from Black Star and the Museum of Modern Art.

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The Hope of Europe

THE European nations of 1951 are the despondent provinces of a European commonwealth that is still unborn and that cannot be born as long as the political outlook in the European nations remains despondent and provincial. Moreover, within the borders of at least two of these nations, France and Italy, there is a democratic Government, member of the Atlantic alliance, that lives side by side in uneasy armistice with a half-underground, half-aboveground "people's democracy."

Yet in these two nations, as well as in the rest of Europe, the doldrums of a normal, uneventful life seem to prevail. In the United States, big things keep happening all the time, one after another, with just enough pause in between to allow people to catch their breath. The Kefauver investigation, MacArthur's return, the great experiment in open strategy and open diplomacy during the long Senate hearings—things happen all the time in the United States, big things that make headlines in the newspapers of Europe.

The American summer traveler who goes back to the old continent is asked endlessly by his European friends to explain all these exciting happenings at home; but when his turn to listen comes, his friends are still saying what they said a year before. "This is where I came in," he thinks. A Frenchman speaks about Indo-China: "We cannot stay there, and we cannot get out." In Italy as well as in France, people talk a great deal about the Marshall Plan: "It has stabilized all the basic features of our economy and of our society—the profits of our businessmen, their traditional ways of doing business, and the workers' wages. Even Communism has been stabilized."

One hears a lot about the Communists, how perfect their block-by-block organization is, and how busy they are at keeping up to date, for the day they take over, the list of candidates for liquidation. The middle-of-the-road parties are getting weaker. De Gasperi, that one-man Third Force, is losing his grip on the Christian Democratic Party, while the well-financed Neo-Fascists are on the upswing. The traveler, listening to these oft-repeated tales, is overcome by a dizzy feeling of imminent disaster. But last year, and the year before—practically ever since the end of the war—it has been more or less the same: imminent disaster as usual.

Everything is more or less as usual—economic crisis and military weakness. The tourist business is as good as usual; the beauty of Venice is as unearthly as ever. And then there are those long tirades about America, with that extraordinary mixture of hope, resentment, and fear toward this country that Europeans, in spite of all our propaganda, still find so difficult to understand. Everything as usual—including an all-pervading sense of fear.

The Two Political Fronts

And yet, as it is frequently and rightly said, Europeans seem to be less concerned with Communism and with the prospects of a war with Soviet Russia than we are over here. The main reason is that they, at least in France and Italy, have, since their liberation from Nazism, lived under the shadow of Communist occupation—a shadow that in many sections of their countries has acquired heavy bodily features. The Italians and the French have taken stock of the situation and made their individual arrangements. One-third of the Italians and one-fourth of the French have come to terms with the potential occupying power, and taken out first papers in the "people's democracy," while the majority still sticks to the old-fashioned national citizenship.

People have become as used to living in this state of phony civil war as the French of 1939-1940 grew accustomed to a phony shooting war. We in America find it difficult to endure this situation of no war, no peace, that the Russian leaders have imposed on us, particularly so since the Korean aggression gave us an increasing measure of war and a

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decreasing measure of peace. The condition of France and Italy is one of no civil war today, but no civil peace either, or national reconciliation—unless some dictator imposes it. If war comes, it will be civil war—not phony, but the real thing. This state of affairs has become the status quo in France and in Italy, so usual that sometimes people almost fear to have it upset.

Politics is fought on two separate fronts at the same time. On the first front, democratic parties struggle with each other, using the conventional weapons of democracy in order to gain the largest possible share of influence and of spoils. On the other front, it is the social fabric, not the administration of the country, which is at stake.

Yet the explosions of open conflicts on the second front are sporadic and singularly subdued. When there is an election, political or administrative, the democratic parties fight side by side against Communists and fellow travelers. These elections are great occasions, billed as history-making events all over the world. Actually, rather than elections, they are the field maneuvers of civil war, engaged in directly by the two enemy armies in grim earnest, but with ballots rather than with bullets. They are extraordinarily scary things, these political field maneuvers, for at any moment the dummy ammunition may turn out to be exceedingly live. But when the returns are in, when the crisis is past, the democratic parties jump with relish at each other's throats. The political arena is theirs.

Competition among democratic parties is singularly ineffectual and ludicrous in a country where one-third or one-fourth of the electorate has voted Communist. The minor democratic parties think that by staying out of the Government they may capitalize on their "Opposition"—at least until there is action again on the second front. Their aim is to hold the balance of power somehow. In fact, everybody wants to hold the balance of power—even inside the biggest Italian party, the Christian Democrats, where each group tries to play this game. But there is not much power to be held, by anybody, just as there cannot be any effective Opposition. The man who votes Communist throws away his franchise together with his chance to oppose the Government in power. For the Communist Opposition can never constitute an alternative Government. Actually, there is no alternative Government where Communism is strong.

Britain alone, still proudly insular, can afford to choose between two different yet democratic alternatives. In Italy and France, the Government's freedom of action keeps shrinking, just as the authority of the state shrinks when millions of voters secede from it. The men at the head of the Government can at best be caretakers, exhaust themselves in an endless job of patching up, and wait for a rescue that can only come from the outside. A few French statesmen, above all Jean Monnet, have shown amazing resourcefulness in providing new ideas and new initiatives, but no European idea can be effective unless it is adopted and backed up by America. This is the case with the project for a European army.

SHAPE

The SHAPE headquarters is the only spot on the European continent where there is something clean and bracing in the air. There, near Versailles, an army headquarters is established to work out a long-range plan of military organization that to be effective needs the attainment of immediate political results. Unless there is a change in the politics of the European countries, the strategic plans may well remain undrawn. U. S. military officers have taken the leadership in this political-military job, for the political occupation of part of western Europe by the enemy power is at least as great and permanent a threat to American security as was the Korean invasion. European politics is the first line of our national defense. The enemy has no reason to march on Europe as long as it is so politically weak. He waits.

An American-led organization now offers Europeans the chance to free themselves from the threat of Russian domination and reacquire their independence from America. Singly, the continental European nations could never reach these goals, but united they can see their future in different terms than a day-by-day reprieve from doom. If they start working for their own future, free from the obsession that they are a prey to forces over which they have no control, then the phony civil war can be brought to an end. Few Europeans then will feel like buying their individual certificate of immunity from the potential conqueror. The very process of forming the European army hits the enemy where he is strongest: in European politics. A Europe that unifies its armies and its sovereignties, with America as ally and partner, can become a power that Russia would respect.

There has never been anything like the role Eisenhower has assumed in Europe, and the new impetus he has given to the movement for European union. Lafayette certainly contributed to the American War of Independence, but he did not make Thomas Jefferson write the Declaration, and did not urge the Founding Fathers to go to Philadelphia and stay there until the job was done. There are no precedents that can guide American and European statesmen in laying down the foundation for the unity of Europe. Yet this is the only hope of saving Europe and of preserving peace.

(To be continued.)

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The Problem of the West: A More Perfect Union

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

When the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain, France, and the United States met last month in Washington no spectacular decisions were expected, and the only important public announcement made during the conference was that the three delegations had endorsed unanimously France's proposal for a European army. Behind the scenes, however, the whole policy of the West may have been changed.

The conference, initially planned to be for Foreign Ministers only, was expanded by the accidental presence of the British and French Finance Ministers, in Washington for the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund. This broadened the scope of the conversations, and permitted—indeed compelled—the conferees to go beyond formal diplomacy and consider basic economic and military questions. There were three essential issues: Britain's attitude toward the Atlantic community, France's military program, and America's policy with respect to Germany and continental Europe.

British Isolationism?

The British Labour Party leaders, faced with the economic difficulties of rearmament and the political difficulties resulting from U.S. Far Eastern policy, have taken a new position. They have decided to make their rearmament program as far as possible independent of American aid so that Britain's economy and diplomacy will no longer be subject to U.S. pressure or even to that of the Atlantic community as a whole. In order to reach or even attempt to reach such a position of independence, the British armament program must be reduced, and the Labourites have decided to reduce it if they stay in power. For, rather than wait until the burden of rearmament breaks the Labour Party in two, its leaders prefer to run the chance of losing power and letting the Conservatives assume responsibility for Atlantic policy. That is why they have hastened the general elections. The man who is mainly responsible for the new policy of retrenchment is Herbert Morrison.

Of course, circumstances always have a great influence in forcing a decision of such great moment, but the personal element is important too, and the difference in temperament between Ernest Bevin and his successor Herbert Morrison is important. Bevin always thought and reacted on the basis of his sense of responsibility to a group of nations faced with a common danger. For five years he had the task of organizing a common front against Communism regardless of his own extraordinarily difficult political situation within the British trade-union movement. He hardly ever acted as a politician, and almost always acted as a strategist for a coalition.

Robert Schuman

Morrison is just the opposite. All his life he has fought the battles of the Labour Party; he has been the party's strategist in Parliament, and his preoccupation remains the political situation of his party. He has to win his own political battle, and this means that he cannot allow himself to be crushed beneath the weight of a rearmament effort which is going to bear down most heavily on Great Britain within the next few months. Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell made this quite clear before he left for the United States. Morrison has the Welsh dissenter, Aneurin Bevan, to fear.

Morrison's predecessor, Bevin, willingly accepted all manner of risks; what he feared above all was that the West might show signs of weakness. But Morrison is a prudent man. He is very ill at ease faced with U.S. policy; he remains always on the defensive when America acts, and is constantly fearful of possible American excesses. That is why he wants to be in a position of independence, with the possibility of adhering to U.S. policy when convenient, disclaiming any connections with U.S. policy when useful.

Morrison was disturbed by the reactions of Congress and the American public to the San Francisco conference. The session in which Secretary Ache-

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son twice pointedly refused to recognize Andrei Gromyko and then curtly dismissed his plea to seat Red China was televised throughout the United States. Acheson's subsequent popularity struck Morrison as a manifestation of a disturbingly childish instability in American opinion. And then he learned that the size of atom bombs had been reduced enough so that aircraft carriers may soon be equipped with them. That too was unpalatable to him and to the British, who, if they mistrust American diplomacy, mistrust even more the U.S. Navy and its increasing political influence—such as it displayed in the case of Franco Spain.

The week before, while Mr. Attlee was saying in London, "I do not believe myself that Soviet Russia is planning a war, but you must have adequate force . . ." a confidential report by Defense Secretary Robert Lovett was made public in the U.S. Senate. In it Lovett stated his belief that Russia had not "deviated one iota from the ultimate purpose of international conflict." Morrison did not like that declaration.

For these and other reasons, Morrison and the British Cabinet's distrust with respect to the possible dangers of American policy has increased. They are therefore determined to reach a position of independence on political action if the voters send them back to power.

French Rearmament

Exactly a year ago Jules Moch, then the Minister of National Defense, came to the United States and presented the U.S. government with a French rearmament program that he solemnly asserted would be carried out. But now René Mayer, Minister of Finance, comes to Washington and tells the Americans that Moch's rearmament program cannot possibly be implemented without a total change of method. Mayer found that the Americans agreed with him completely and were willing to work with the French delegation in an attempt to define the principles for a new technique. If this new technique is established fast enough, if the French Ministry of National Defense then changes all its plans, and if the necessary American assistance is forthcoming, France will be able to keep its promise; fifteen divisions by 1952, twenty divisions by the end of 1953.

Andrei Gromyko

Mayer showed some simple figures. If France continues its military effort in Indo-China, even without increasing that effort, if France continues to follow the Moch rearmament plan and furnishes the agreed number of divisions, the French military budget for 1952 will have to be about 1,500 billion francs—more than $4 billion. No Finance Minister can possibly go before the French Deputies and ask for such a sum. On the other hand, there is no way at all to economize in Indo-China. The conclusion is inevitable: Under the circumstances France will not produce the promised divisions.

But this conclusion is wholly unacceptable to the French themselves for several reasons—the first that it is bad politics to break a promise. When, between the two wars, France broke its promise on the question of its American debts, that failure was costly. A failure now would be more costly still.

A confidential report furnished the French government at the beginning of September by the French general staff advised the government that if the army, and especially the air force, is left as weak as it is, it will become very difficult politically to permit the planned basing of American units on the European continent. It is obvious that, for psychological reasons, the bases which France is providing for the Atlantic army must also be used by a reasonable proportion of French forces. Therefore a French failure to provide such forces would gravely endanger the deployment of allied units.

Another factor is decisive. If France is unable to create the agreed-on number of divisions, it will be impossible to build a European army, since in less than eighteen months the German contribution to this army would be greater than France's contribution, and a German predominance would become an immediate reality.

So the French program will be changed. The basic aim will be to provide the divisions France has promised. To reach this goal the French military expenditures will be used in an entirely different way. Instead of spending money to manufacture armament of all sorts, credits will be allotted to manpower, air bases, and transport, and manufacture of such armament as can be made efficiently by normal industry and thus fit into the national economy.

For its part, the United States will equip the troops France raises. The military report mentioned above contains precise assurance that France will have no difficulty in raising the necessary number of men. The Americans are determined to support this new French program for a very simple reason. Without a reasonably large French Army they find themselves faced with this dilemma: either no German military contribution to the European army, or else a German hegemony over Europe. It is by developing the French Army that a solution can be reached on the German problem.

The Policy on Germany

To a degree beyond expectation the problem of defining a policy toward Germany acceptable to the three allies was solved—thanks in great part to the irritating clumsiness displayed constantly throughout recent weeks by the Germans.

In September, 1950, the United States and France were in complete opposition. The United States was determined to re-create a German Army within the framework of an

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Atlantic army. France opposed German rearmament in any form.

Subsequently, the French made a proposal for a European army that would include a German contingent. But their project subordinated German participation to such a degree that neither London nor Washington would even consider it. Then French diplomacy went to work. With Ambassador Hervé Alphand taking a leading part, the French brought forward a new plan for a European army which, because of the very real concessions and sacrifice it required of all participating nations, could be considered as providing a real solution. We know that this French proposal obtained General Eisenhower's complete support, together with that of President Truman and Secretary Acheson.

Yet until this September, the agreement between the French and Americans was only superficial. Both nations were wholeheartedly determined to make the projected European army a success, but behind this common purpose an ugly situation still existed. For the United States was resolved, no matter what might be the consequences, to make use of German military power. Consequently America was offering the allies a choice between the French proposal and a German Army. The French proposal was accepted (the acceptance showed remarkable progress over the situation of the year before), but the alternative was not dismissed. The possibility of a German Army remained in the background—and French diplomacy still had to face this threat of blackmail.

The Germans were quick to take advantage of the situation. In the last two months they have taken advantage of it so clumsily and so persistently that they have made it evident to the United States that the alternative solution—that of creating a German Army—has become unacceptable. The Germans have united France and the United States on German policy.

The change in the American Administration's German policy was influenced by the reports U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy and his staff brought back from Germany in preparation for the conference. These reports listed:

1. Demands, expressed formally and informally by German officials and in the German press from the time the Washington conference was announced. Specifically the Germans made territorial claims, demanded the abolition of the autonomous Saar régime, a preponderant American financial contribution toward any German rearmament, and the rehabilitation of German officers, including those of the infamous SS.

Dean Acheson

2. Repeated manifestations of German nationalism, made particularly by the Socialist Party, by two minority parties within the Government coalition, and by newly formed army-officer associations closely linked to the West German Government's military advisers.

3. Repeated proof of an unwillingness to co-operate with the West as shown by the German attitude toward coal, iron, and the establishment of allied military bases in German territory.

Adenauer's Mistake

American disappointment at the German attitude was expressed a week before the Washington conference by one of McCloy's aides at a press conference in Germany. The reactions of the German press were so violent that McCloy revised his report to Washington, emphasizing his mistrust of the Germans. On his way through Paris McCloy told members of the French Government how bad he considered the German situation, but he made a personal exception in the case of Chancellor Adenauer. In his opinion, shared by the French officials with whom he spoke, the Chancellor's moderation constituted a strong asset against the rise of nationalist strength.

But then Adenauer, right in the middle of the Washington conference, made a speech aimed directly at the conference, categorically demanding conditions of autonomy for Germany which were completely unacceptable to the allies. This speech increased American disappointment. Off the record, several U.S. officials admitted that France had been right in fearing that the signing of the Japanese treaty in San Francisco would increase the difficulties the West was having with Germany.

And now France is in a new situation, faced with far greater responsibility than before. For France is no longer exposed to blackmail. France is no longer forced to accept the project for a European army as a lesser evil, and now must get behind that project wholeheartedly and positively. Now it is no longer a question of avoiding the creation of an independent German Army; for the French the choice is to create Europe or to stand self-condemned. America has put the decision up to France.

Ottawa

The day after the Washington conference, the North Atlantic Council met in Ottawa. In Washington, representatives of three nations had worked effectively. Twelve nations came to Ottawa, each represented by its Foreign, Defense, and Finance Ministers—and the atmosphere was parliamentarian. There were long speeches about the "moral and cultural" links which bind the Atlantic community; there were cocktail parties and formal diplomatic dinners. Ultimately, the delegates faced an unavoidable question: What progress had been made in building the armed forces of the Atlantic alliance?

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A report covering the contribution made by member nations had been drawn up at NATO headquarters. What progress had been made in the year since western rearmament had been decided upon?

The NATO balance sheet indicated bankruptcy. Based strictly on facts and figures, it reached two conclusions. One year after Korea, Europe had made no co-ordinated effort to rearm. The European nations had not even come to any agreement which would merge the various national plans into a whole.

The report's second conclusion was that individual efforts by Europe's nations to arm had proved to be entirely inadequate. The Atlantic plan called for a European effort that by 1954 would be equivalent to one-fourth of that made by the U.S. On the basis of present accomplishment, Europe's effort would not be more than one-tenth.

The deep reason for Europe's failure lies in the total lack of any dynamism within the nations—the cells that compose Europe. A secondary cause is the lack of stability demonstrated by Congress in assisting Europe to rearm.

The NATO report is a decisive document; its implications are clear. So long as it was a question of diplomatic agreements and speeches, it was possible to make the Atlantic community look like something real—a group of nations welded together, pursuing with equal energy an aim common to all. But when, a year ago, the time came for action, all semblance of unity was dispelled. America acted, but acted alone; whatever efforts the other nations made were not grafted onto those of the United States.

Herbert Morrison

It goes without saying that the alliance, in the traditional diplomatic meaning of the word, holds good. But it was meant to be a dynamic common effort to co-ordinate economic and military strength on a world scale in the face of a Communist empire which draws its strength precisely from such a co-ordination. It has failed in that aim. At Ottawa, delegates of twelve Atlantic nations were brought face to face with that failure.

'United We Stand'

General Eisenhower and some French leaders are now agreed that it is the structure of the alliance which must be changed. The plan they have made is based on bitter experience; it was reached gradually, and is now co-ordinated and clear. It goes to the root of the matter: the failure of the national units which make up Europe. Henceforth the idea that European nations, acting singly, can build up the strength that Europe needs to defend itself must be recognized as a dangerous illusion. The Eisenhower plan therefore calls for the breaking down of European national sovereignties, at least in the domain of military defense. It calls for a European army, a common military budget, and a unified system for armament production.

But that is only one part of the plan. Europe cannot rearm unless economic and military assistance from the United States, established on some firm and unchanging basis, can be counted on regularly for at least the next three or four years. Continuation of the present uncertainty in this regard will be fatal. Europe can commit itself to serious rearmament only if the transfusion of strength from the American continent is uninterrupted and sure. The Marshall Plan was based on a four-year American commitment. Nothing similar to that plan is now in existence. The entire basic question of co-operation between Europe and America is left to the changing and confused actions of Congress.

If the Eisenhower plan is supported and carried out, the Atlantic alliance will take on a new form. It will become a threefold confederation grouping North America, Britain, and Europe in permanent economic and military association. With that new structure the alliance can live and prove effective.

Alcide De Gasperi

Trustworthy Manpower

Admittedly, neither the U.S. Congress nor the French Parliament—not to mention the British—seems ready to support so radical a proposal. But the fact that the proposal is made at all is clearest evidence that the cold war is essentially political. For the Communist world and the world of the democracies are competing—militarily of course, but closely linked to the armament race is another one: Which of the two worlds will succeed in assembling a potential of effective, trustworthy manpower? For the West to win out, it must find a broader type of political organization that transcends the traditional framework of national boundaries. This necessity was made clear at Ottawa.

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The Twilight of ECA

As the foreign-aid program changes from recovery to rearmament, our European allies find our arguments less persuasive

HANS H. LANDSBERG

TESTIFYING before the House Foreign Affairs Committee last July 19, Paul Porter, ECA's Assistant Administrator for Program, was handed the sixty-four-dollar question on foreign aid. How much, Chairman James P. Richards wanted to know, of the proposed economic aid in this year's Mutual Security Program was "honest-to-goodness ECA, as such" and how much was "aid for military production"?

"Mr. Chairman," Porter replied, "we have given a good deal of thought to that problem over the past several months, and we have reached the conclusion that we cannot give you an honest answer as to how you would draw the line between economic aid as of the type given in the past, and economic aid for military purposes, because to do so we would have to make a lot of arbitrary assumptions which are not necessarily true. We would just have to——"

"You would be kidding us," Representative Walter H. Judd prompted.

"I think I would," Porter agreed, "and I do not believe it would be fair to give you a figure which would not be an honest figure."

Eight days later, however, the same question was served up to Richard Bissell, then ECA's Deputy Administrator and now its acting chief. After carefully explaining that he was not *really* answering it, Bissell proceeded not only to do so but also to submit figures which showed, country by country, the amount Europe would need without a step-up in its rearmament program and the additional amount that would be needed if a step-up took place.

Later, before a Senate committee, Bissell was drawn into the same argument and furnished the same figures. Only this time it became apparent that careful explanations would be disregarded. "Then of this $1.6 billion that we have [for economic aid to Europe], one billion is going into the military?" inquired Senator H. Alexander Smith of New Jersey.

"Substantially, that is correct," was Bissell's reply.

Congress Clutches at a Straw

No single factor can be called decisive in the outcome of such a complex discussion, but the fact remains that when the Senate adjourned on August 31, it had cut economic aid for Europe roughly in half, leaving just about enough for what Bissell had labeled "military," and leaving out what Representative Richards had called "honest-to-goodness ECA aid." One cannot escape the suspicion that Bissell's figures provided the excuse for a welcome rationalization on the part of an economy-conscious Congress. Reading through the record of the hearings, one has a strong feeling that ECA's case folded with the admission that economic aid *could* be split, logically as well as arithmetically, between "honest-to-goodness" and "military" aid.

ECA's case was, of course, a complex one to get across to a nontechnical audience, no matter how many hearings were held. The final votes would seem to indicate that ECA failed to approach Congress with the right sales talk.

The neatest and by far the simplest way of demonstrating Europe's need is to show what has to be bought —the "shopping-list approach"—and then why it cannot afford to pay for all the items on the list. In its younger years ECA relied to a much greater extent on this approach, which had the distinct advantage of giving Congress something solid to get its teeth into.

The way ECA presented its case this year reveals the influence of a faction in the agency which has rejected the "retail" approach in favor of what is called, in official jargon, the "national-accounts approach." Instead of dealing in terms of wheat, coal, and machine tools, the new approach involves abstractions like gross national product, national income, governmental budgets, and investment projections —to the apparent discomfort of Senators and Congressmen in search of definitions and clarifications of terms. When W. Averell Harriman was asked to explain some of his technical terms, he produced a man he described as "my economist," Lincoln Gordon, who proceeded to give a brief lecture on contemporary economic terminology. Later, Paul Porter sympathized with the committee's trouble in following the presentation and confessed that he himself got "just as lost by the experts" as the committee did. Stacks of detailed tabulations were neither made part of the oral presentation nor otherwise introduced into the record, but were piled upon tables, presumably for members of Congress to read in their spare time.

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None of this served to create confidence and understanding. The tragic fact about the slash in funds was that ECA's position was theoretically quite sound. What had been done was to set a rearmament target for each ECA country and to calculate the effects of reaching the target upon the country's external trade balance. Although it was logically impossible to split the economic-aid figure so derived into "nonmilitary" and "military" portions, Congress never really got away from the idea that one figure was being added to the other, and nowhere was the integral connection between the two explained in simple and satisfactory terms. At no time, for example, did a witness show how increased rearmament expenditures in Italy would lead to increased employment and thus to increased food consumption, that therefore Italy might have to step up its wheat imports, and that these wheat imports would be neither "military" nor "nonmilitary," but part of a general development brought about by the defense effort.

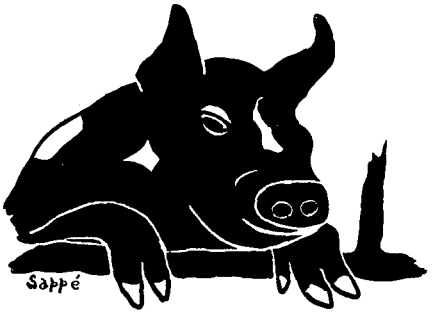
Too Much Boasting

Another factor working against Congressional approval of the full amount requested by ECA was all the optimistic talk about the program thus far. Justified pride in the achievements of ECA gave the impression that its four-year task in Europe had been as good as finished in three and, what is more, that western Europe was even better off than it had been before the war. The figures thrown at Congress were not incorrect, but there was too little effort made to show them in the perspective of ten years of war and deprivation. The information supplied was like a collection of snapshots taken in the recent past. What was needed was a panoramic view.

It was left to Senator William Benton of Connecticut, in the final hours of the Senate debate, to put European achievements in perspective. By that time the constant repetition by witnesses of the fact that European industrial production is now forty per cent above prewar standards had lulled everybody into complacency.

The economic situation of Europe has indeed been encouraging until very recently, but it represents not a recovery in depth but rather one that must be carefully nurtured and protected.

As of April, 1951, for instance, steel was coming out of western Europe's mills at a rate of twenty-five per cent above that of 1938. But when one considers 1947 and 1948 steel production, which were only sixty-eight and eighty-eight per cent, respectively, of that in 1938—a year of low production in Europe—the new high in April, 1951, becomes less impressive. Cement production is running some thirty per cent above prewar levels, but it is estimated that at the 1949 rate of construction it would take three years in Belgium, nine to twelve in France, Italy, and



Austria, and seventeen in Germany to replace totally destroyed dwellings.

Even though every witness, with somewhat deadening monotony, pointed out that standards of living in Europe are lower than they are in the United States, what stuck in most Congressmen's minds was the single fact that European production levels are now substantially above prewar levels. Therefore, they reasoned, why more aid?

Dollar Stretching

What effect the slash in funds—which may go even deeper before the appropriation committees are through—will have on European rearmament and economics remains to be seen. Estimates have been wrong before and may be wrong again, and the $800 million or so of economic aid now left for Europe may turn out to be more than sufficient, especially if military and end-item funds may be transferred to economic-aid funds.

There is the further possibility of using the so-called "offshore-procurement" method for stretching dollar aid to Europe. ECA is not a happy convert to this doctrine, which means placing dollar contracts with European manufacturers for the procurement of military items for Europe. Its economists feel that all of Europe's military manufacturing capacity should be used directly by the military budgets of European countries, so that European nations will not come to rely on us to keep their defense-production plant humming. In addition, ECA does not want to reintroduce the dollar as a means of payment in Europe. Nonetheless, because of the cut in its funds, ECA is now considering the use of offshore purchases in Europe as the lesser evil if properly conducted—i.e., not by the military alone.

But the dollar-stretching technique that was allowed even before the slashes were made does not offset their gravity. There are substantial indications that the trade balances of our European allies are beginning to deteriorate under the impact of high import prices, low export prices, raw-material shortages, and diversion of resources from export to rearmament uses. Britain's deficit in its merchandise balance of trade, for instance, for the first seven months of 1951 was almost twice as large as its deficit for all of 1950, and the July deficit was as large as that for the entire second half of 1950.

Unfortunately, the damage of the meat-ax approach is not limited to the direct effects on available funds. To Europe the program now looks like nothing more than a military-procurement effort. Correspondingly ECA's role has been cut down, and with it our bargaining position in the Marshall Plan countries. It is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine the Pentagon using the transfer of tanks and planes as part of a policy to improve economic conditions and affect economic policy across the Atlantic. Even William Foster's shift from ECA to Defense is unlikely to revolutionize matters to that extent. It is equally difficult to imagine European governments formulating

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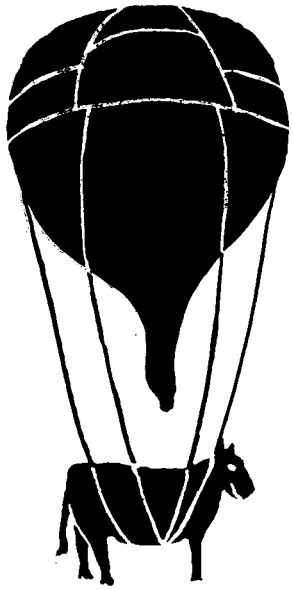
domestic economic policies around either the furnishing or the withholding of military hardware. The fact is that when the "R" in ERP begins to stand for rearmament rather than recovery, the giver's influence and popularity with European governments and populations are bound to drop. The recently reported inclination of Belgium to renounce further ECA aid may be a straw in the wind.

Even if some of the damage should be healed by an administrative setup that would preserve for the Mutual Security Act the aspect of a development rather than a supply program, there is of course the possibility that the United States has shot its bolt. This view draws support from a recent rash of words and deeds, emanating from Allied capitals and spokesmen, that indicate, if not anti-American sentiment, at least an uncommon sense of independence.

One may view this as a healthy development that will tend to restore a modicum of balance in the Atlantic camp, or one may cite it as ultimate proof of the folly of riding into the arena of European economic policy on the dollar gift horse. In either event, the facts deserve notice.

Britain Talks Tough

Most spectacular, perhaps, has been Britain's polite but firm refusal to promise any alleviation of its trade-and-exchange restrictions by March 1, 1952, in compliance with the terms of the Bretton Woods charter that set up the International Monetary Fund. The British statements made at the fund's annual meeting left no doubt that Britain will continue to apply such restrictions as its economic situation may require, fund or no fund.

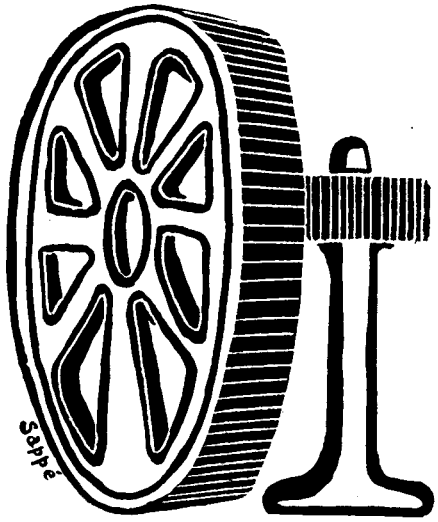


At the same time, announcement of the new British-Russian trade agreement revealed that the Soviets had reserved the right to suspend grain shipments if they were unable to use the sterling proceeds in the purchase of rubber. Thus notice was served on Washington that Britain intends to lay down its own rules on the limits of East-West trade. To make a perfect score, during their Washington sojourn the British reportedly also criticized our stockpiling program and at the same time put in a bid for 800,000 tons of American steel in 1952. Our principal ally is apparently indifferent to the risk of being pictured as selling rubber to the Reds, trying to keep us from building an adequate stockpile, asking us to export scarce steel, and refusing to ease its trade restrictions so as to permit American sellers to compete in British markets.

In Geneva, the United States has come in for caustic comment when it asked the U.N. to set up machinery for investigating and restraining international cartels. Our delegates were reminded that we had flubbed a fine chance to demonstrate our anti-cartel-mindedness twice in recent years: once in Germany, where anti-cartel directives fell before economic "realism," and again when we refused to ratify the ITO charter, which contained a good many anti-cartel features.

While the U.N. finally agreed to the U.S. request, tougher sledding awaits us in the current sessions on the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), where the brand-new U.S. restrictions on cheese imports have already been severely criticized. The Dutch, the Danes, and six other affected exporters of dairy products have filed a formal protest with the State Department, and may in addition bring charges before the GATT session. No protests had been made previously, even though fats and oils have been under U.S. import restrictions since the war. Was it perhaps not so much the addition of cheese to the "restricted" list as the draining of the aid barrel that made protests more feasible? If so, before the current Geneva meetings are over, our face may be very red. Finally, our export controls are looked upon as no better justified than European import controls. One serves to protect critical supplies, the other to husband foreign exchange with which to acquire critical supplies. Consequently, our admonitions to Europe to abolish import controls are not making much of an impression these days.

Whether these events constitute a trend or are merely coincidental, the lesson is clear. It is not, as one school would have it, that our aid has been so much wasted money, because Europe stops listening as dollars stop talking. Nor, as others would maintain, must we continue to pour out funds in order to buy the privilege of leadership. Rather, with economic aid running out, must we realize that our economic policies, as they affect our allies, will be subject to growing scrutiny, and that we cannot hope to furnish acceptable leadership unless all of our motives will bear close inspection.



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Congress and Foreign Aid

LINDSAY ROGERS

During the hearings on the Truman Administration's $8.5 billion Foreign Aid Program, Senator Tom Connally of Texas, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and ordinarily a staunch supporter of White House measures, burst forth with the complaint that "you fellows spend all your time thinking up ways to spend money. You fellows want to take care of the whole world." The Economic Cooperation Administration, he continued, "was established to work for economic recovery in Europe, and now should be going out of business. But you are chasing problems in Southeast Asia. You want to build up and take care of those little wobbling countries out there."

The appropriation asked for was cut. Without expressing dissatisfaction as bluntly as Senator Connally did, other members of Congress who are genuine advocates of building up western Europe economically and militarily, and who realize the Communist threat in other regions, wanted to economize. What justification did they believe they had? Did they think they could explain or even excuse their parsimony?

The figures staggered them. Through fiscal 1951, gross foreign aid since the war had totaled almost $42.5 billion. The $8.5 billion that the President requested is a larger sum than the government will spend on this year's operation of the legislative and judicial branches, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, and the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Interior, Justice, Labor, the Post Office, and the Treasury. Even though the $8.5 billion was nicely itemized, there were Congressional suspicions that the executive had asked for more than it needed on the ground that there was bound to be some paring.

Another reason for Congressional insistence on foreign-aid reductions was that legislators do not have the knowledge of how such aid is disbursed that they have in the case of appropriations for domestic purposes. They receive elaborate reports on expenditures abroad, but reading is not seeing as in the case, say, of money for defense. Congress knows about Army camps, ships taken out of mothballs, new planes, and stockpiles. Rivers are diked and harbors are dredged in Congressional districts and states. Social-security benefits go into the pockets of voters. But so far as foreign-aid funds are concerned, Congressmen have a feeling that they just vanish and that there is no contact with what happens when they are spent.

Personal Research

The legislator can attempt to fill this gap if he travels abroad, but in recent years Congress has had long sessions, and recesses have had to be devoted to fence-mending. Nevertheless, a good many Senators and Representatives do manage to get abroad, although briefly. In recent months subcommittees from the foreign-affairs committees of the Senate and the House have seen NATO at close range. But the trips must be hasty and it is difficult for the visitors to get more than the most readily available information.

Back in Washington the Congressman at least hopes that he will be a skillful and searching interrogator of the witnesses from the executive departments who appear to testify in support of foreign-aid programs. But after all, he has only scratched the surface, and the representatives of executive departments can be wily. Suspicious of the objectivity of departmental reports, Congressmen must rely on dispatches of newspaper correspondents, the reports of individual committeemen and their limited staffs who have traveled abroad, and the occasional American tourist or businessman who thinks he has found out something worth passing on to a Representative or a Senator.

Three years ago, without spelling out what has just been said, Congress was instinctively suspicious and anticipated that it might be helpless. In 1948, the Foreign Assistance Act created a Joint Committee on Foreign Economic Cooperation, popularly known as the "watchdog committee," which was charged with the duty of making "a continuous study of the programs of United States economic assistance to foreign countries." Its members came from standing committees with their own responsibilities in the same field. Hence the joint committee's members had a tendency to devote their attention to their regular committee duties and to let the watchdog committee wither away. The Administration did not look upon it as a body which might be its ally, to which it could give full information and thus obtain a nucleus of support in Congress for future proposals.

Perhaps it might help if there were legislative subcommittees whose members were charged with informing themselves on the administration of foreign aid. At present, the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate and the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House have staffs, but they are fully occupied in Washington. Is there any case for the appointment of additional staff to act as high-level roving reporters, or the retention from time to time of consultants with specialized knowledge to make studies of areas of concern to the committee? The danger is that the reporters would be looked upon as snoopers and there would inevitably be differences of opinion between them and the executive departments on what the facts actually were.

There are a good many Representatives and Senators who are not motivated politically when they become more and more concerned about the expenditures on foreign-aid programs, and, after listening to optimistic reiterations from the White House and the State Department that all has gone well, still cherish uneasy suspicions that they must use some grains of salt. The Senators and Representatives who had had recent first-hand experience of Europe did remember it, and by and large they were with the Administration in opposing any drastic cutting.

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Will Churchill Ride Again?

The winter will be hard and austerity austere whether Tories or Labourites win the coming elections

HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

PRIME MINISTER Clement Attlee, neat, precise, and dry as ever, took two minutes over the radio on September 19 to announce the elections for October 25. "I consider that the time has now come," he said, "to ask the electors for a renewal of confidence in the Government, and to give it adequate Parliamentary support in order to deal with important issues with which the country is faced at home and abroad."

As an example of British understatement, Attlee's remarks will do nicely. For eighteen months the Labourites have clung to their margin in the House of Commons by bringing members in on wheel chairs and stretchers. Their majority has gone as low as three in a House of 625, and was six when the elections were called, with three by-elections in the offing. The paralyzing stalemate brought on by the February, 1950, elections was forcing the country to mark time while avalanches were descending at home and abroad. The issues that Attlee referred to are more than important; they are going to shake the country to its foundations.

Automatic Democracy

In Britain, democracy functions with almost automatic efficiency. When the time comes for a popular referendum there is no mistaking the demand and no escaping it. The only choice Attlee had was to hold the elections this autumn or wait until next spring. It is easy to guess why he chose October. He is, in the first place, a man with a deep sense of responsibility and patriotism. He would not merely consider political advantages. But as it happens, the political timing was good.

Winston Churchill

The Labour movement has been weakened by the revolt of Aneurin Bevan, the Minister of Health, who took himself and the President of the Board of Trade, Harold Wilson, out of the Government last April. Bevan and his followers have been trying to capitalize on the disgruntlement and fears that inevitably accompany a heavy rearmament program. They claim it will wreck British economy and make Britain a satellite of the United States. Americans, they are convinced, are warmongers. Besides, they want more socialism.

Bevan made less of a dent in the Government's position than was at first feared; the Trades Union Congress, the Parliamentary Labour Party, and the rank and file have not rallied to his standard in any numbers, but he is still on the job. It so happens that there is nothing like a general election to bring about a closing of the ranks. If Bevan tried to split or torpedo the Labour movement in the midst of an electoral campaign, he would be committing political suicide. The Labour Party has never forgotten what happened when Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden deserted the ranks in 1931 to form a coalition Government. The party spent the next fourteen years in the political wilderness. If Attlee had waited until next spring, there is no telling what ascendancy Bevan might have achieved.

Our British friends are facing some very grim prospects. Nothing can save them from what will amount to an economic crisis this winter, probably a worse crisis than those of 1947 and 1949. The reasons are as simple as they are inescapable in the short run. Britain is a country that lives by importing raw materials and food and exporting finished products. In the old days before the war it had a deficit with the United States which was made up by a surplus with the rest of the world, thus making a neat triangle. Moreover, even after the First World War, Britain had enormous foreign investments. Today foreign trade looks like a cubist drawing, not a triangle, and the investments are largely gone.

Even so, Britain was pulling out of its predicament when the Korean War came along and turned the terms of trade heavily against it. The British

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this year are paying about a billion pounds ($2.8 billion) more for the same volume of imports as last year's. The cost of those imports, by the latest calculation, has gone up forty-three per cent, but the prices of British exports have risen only twenty per cent. There is a dollar gap of frightening proportions. A program of rearmament second only to that of the United States has to be superimposed, cutting into exports and reducing consumption. Britain today is spending from twelve to thirteen per cent of its national income on defense; and while that does not approach the American twenty per cent, it started further back on more slender resources, and represents at least as heavy a national burden when the trade imbalance is added.

The basic income tax is 47.5 per cent. Yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Gaitskell, recently hinted strongly that taxes may have to be increased. A fuel crisis this winter is a certainty unless there is exceptionally mild weather. The pinching austerity must be made more austere by a further reduction in consumer goods. There is a severe price inflation now, and somehow a painful process of disinflation must be started. Productivity has been rising but it must rise still further. Wage increases will have to be restrained.

Hugh Gaitskell

The Buck-passing Theory

One may well ask: "Who in his right senses would want to be in power during such a time?" As a matter of fact, there are many who see the Labourites playing the not very subtle game of passing the buck to the Conservatives at a time when any Government will have to do unpopular things and take blame for what goes wrong. However, any party that would shirk the responsibility of power because times are difficult would not be worthy to govern, and in addition the British electorate is too well informed to be fooled that easily. It knows that hard times are ahead and it will admire the leaders who say so frankly and offer a way out, however difficult it may be. Nobody proved that better than Winston Churchill in 1940.

At any rate, things were getting too hot for the Labour Government to handle without a new mandate. It had such a mandate from 1945 to 1950—393 members in the House of Commons and a comfortable majority of 146 seats over all other parties combined. With that the Labourites set out blithely toward Utopia—the Fabian Utopia which relied heavily on state controls and social services for a grateful people that would work hard and efficiently. So they nationalized the Bank of England, coal, railways, road transport, civil aviation, cable and wireless, and gas and electricity, and passed a law to nationalize the steel industry (which the Tories have promised to make a dead letter if they are elected). So, also, they completed the welfare state which Lloyd George had begun in 1911 and which the Churchill war coalition had furthered. Full employment and the most egalitarian structure in the world are the natural and permanent results.

Then they ran out of ideas, and the people either ran out of patience or yawned. The Socialists barely clung to power in February, 1950, and then only because the Tories were saying, "Me too," and the voters could not make up their minds which party was better—or worse.

The Liberals offered nothing but a protest vote, for their fine policies had long ago been stolen and used by the Labourites and Tories. The Communists are weaker in Britain than anywhere in Europe, and they failed to win a single seat in the 1950 elections. Neither the Liberals nor the Communists figure to do any better this month.

Clement Attlee

The Brothers Tweedle

The shining light of victory has turned toward the Conservatives, with that doughty old warrior Winston Churchill at their head. Of course, we may see as surprising a result as the Truman victory in 1948. In a democratic election where the pluralities in 625 different constituencies are what count, a surprise is always possible. What we do know is that the public-opinion polls (which have been accurate in Britain) show a safe Tory margin of sixty to 130 seats. The most optimistic Labourites are mournfully talking in private of holding the Tory majority to thirty. Every expert has convinced himself that the people have had enough of the Socialists, not from any special aversion to socialism but because the Government is bungling and fumbling now, because it has nothing new to offer, and because the people are fed up enough to want a change.

Anyway, if the Labour Party is re-elected we know what to expect—"the mixture as before," to use a good English medical phrase. A Labour victory for the present moderate leadership would be taken as a repudiation of the Bevan objections. We can be prepared for a surprise, but it will be a very great one if the Conservatives do not

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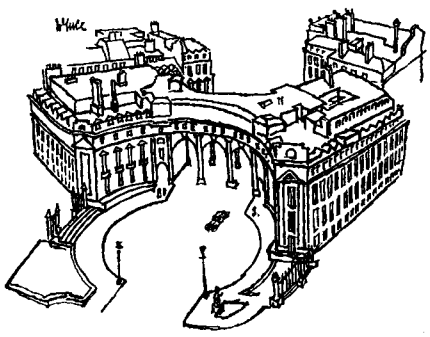
gallop in with a safe margin on October 25.

What could we then expect? Up to a point, the same "mixture as before." In any country where a revolution is not in question, the field for maneuver in foreign policy is limited. In Britain today it is doubly so, first because of the legacy of old problems, secondly because there is such a relative poverty of resources and means, and finally because the Conservatives are just as much committed to the welfare state as the Labourites or Liberals. The welfare state is a permanent feature of British society (as it probably is of American, although we do not like to use the words).

The eggs that were scrambled by nationalization cannot now be unscrambled. The Tories would cancel the steel nationalization, which has not gone into effect. They would detach trucking and short-haul transportation from the railway nationalization. But coal, civil aviation, gas and electricity, cable and wireless, and the Bank of England would all go on much as before. The Conservatives would try to streamline and decentralize their structures. They would try to do away with government bulk buying of commodities. They would try to make the National Health Service less costly and more efficient. But this is not a program, nor is it a revolution; it is a reshuffle at the top. At best, there would be a new and invigorating climate.

The great problem is whether the trade unions will support a Tory Government as loyally as they did the Labour Government. If the Conservatives' majority is large, the answer is a confident "Yes," for the British worker will accept a clear verdict from the majority. If the margin is close there may be trouble, and everything will then depend on how Churchill and his Government handle labor. David Eccles, one of the younger Tory leaders,



recently came up with an imaginative program to give more incentives to workers and employers, more opportunities for workers to become owners, and more rewards for initiative and talent.

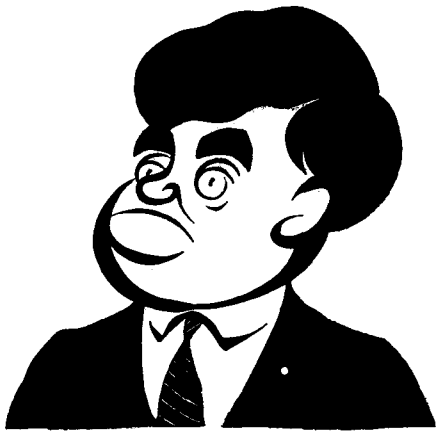
If Churchill Returns

When Winston Churchill was defeated at the end of a victorious war in July, 1945, he was bitter, in proof of which he wrote a famous reproach in his memoirs: ". . . all our enemies having surrendered unconditionally or being about to do so, I was immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs."

But Winston Churchill was never dismissed from the hearts of the people. To see him come back—a man who first entered Parliament while Queen Victoria yet reigned—would be one of the high moments of our time. No man has a better sense of what history expects. He is an unpredictable character—not a planet but a shooting star. As the greatest personality in the western world, he will overshadow President Truman and Secretary Acheson. Churchill is perhaps even more of an American hero than a British one, for distance sometimes magnifies rather than diminishes. Perhaps he can get Congress to do things that it would not do for Attlee and the Labourites. After all, he got Lend-Lease and fifty destroyers out of an equally difficult Congress in 1940.

Churchill is a man of great vision and courage. He it was who offered France a common sovereignty with Britain in 1940. He it was who urged France and Germany to get together after the war, who fathered the European union movement that led to the Council of Europe and the European army, who made the much-condemned and yet, as things have turned out, valid suggestion at Fulton, Missouri, that the United States and Great Britain ought to form the core of western defense. Such a man is not going to play the last hand of his life without producing some aces.

Churchill frightens a great many people for that reason. Because wars have been so important in his life, he long ago earned the reputation of warmonger. The Labourites are trying to pin it on him and on the other Tories right now. The Socialist movement is strong in France and pacifism is strong



Aneurin Bevan

everywhere—to the extent that nobody wants war. The knowledge of his devastating reputation may well restrain Churchill, although we have no reason to suppose that he will ever seek war or that he does not appreciate its horrors. He has said that only the American stockpile of atomic bombs stands between a Russian-made war and our present precarious peace. Britain has no A-bombs and the British people are the least likely of any in the world to start a war. Anyway, no informed person has any reason or right to say that Churchill is a warmonger, and it should not take many weeks for him to prove it.

He may not stay in office very long. After all, on November 30 he will be seventy-seven. Still, he loves power, and Britain, for all its democracy, is a country that believes in the strong executive.

High Drama

Certainly, we in the United States need not worry. If Britain has no permanent friends but only permanent interests, as Palmerston said, it happens that Britain's interests and ours coincide. The Anglo-American alliance is and will continue to be in any circumstances the heart of the western coalition against Communism. Britain under Labour or the Tories, under the quiet little Attlee or the stupendous Churchill, is and will be the most democratic nation on earth.

We can sit back in our seats without worry and watch the play unfold. The curtain will descend on a dull act, but it will rise again on October 25 to a scene that promises high drama.

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Turkey—Hairbreadth Democracy

Only the self-restraint of the Democrats now in power stands in the way of a relapse into one-party government

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

TURKEY is becoming our valued partner in the common defense of the West, with a good army in a strategic place to add to the strength of the North Atlantic family. NATO is ostensibly a family of self-governing democracies, with no places at the table for Spain and Yugoslavia. Turkey, like most of the twelve original members, is a democracy; but it is the newest democracy in the world. It is still feeling its way painfully out of the wilderness of authoritarianism.

During a quarter century of firm rule by Kemâl Atatürk and Ismet Inönü, from 1923 to 1950, Turkey not only underwent a remarkable series of economic and social reforms but also shaped for itself a unique political system. Atatürk left to his nation the tradition of authoritarian, one-party rule, exercised through the mechanism of a liberal parliamentary democracy. All the devices of responsible government were there, waiting to be used, but only one political party was allowed to exist. This was the Cümhuriyet Halk Partisi, the Republican People's Party. The creation of Atatürk's imagination and will, it was nearly synonymous with the state, as were such parties in various fascist nations.

After some false starts, a second political party was established in 1945. As the new Opposition, the Democratic Party had rough sledding, despite the clear intent of President Inönü to bring a two-party system into being. In the 1946 elections, the new Opposition fared badly, winning only thirty-one seats in the Grand National Assembly, Turkey's single legislative body. Great numbers of Turks were persuaded that it was not a free election. This, combined with Inönü's personal unpopularity, brought a profound reaction in the 1950 elections. To the amazement of everyone, the Democrats swept the country in Turkey's first truly free election.

It is proper to pay high tribute to the selflessness of the Republican leaders because they yielded without protest the power they had enjoyed undisputed for a quarter century. To be sure, it is sometimes argued that they had no choice. They had created the institutions of democracy. Using those devices, the Turkish people demanded a clean sweep. But Inönü's Government had the police, the army, the one strong party machine. It could have perpetuated itself indefinitely, had it not chosen to hold free elections and to abide by the people's decision.

The Outs Start Squawking

The period since the Democrats, under President Celâl Bayar and Premier Adnan Menderes, took over, in May, 1950, has brought accumulating friction and recrimination. There have been no real restraints on the power of the new Government. Thanks to the

vagaries of the majority system of elections, the Democrats, with fifty-two per cent of the popular vote, gained eighty-four per cent of the seats in the Grand National Assembly. The Republicans, with forty-five per cent of the votes, got only fourteen per cent of the seats. The overturn brought a great many inexperienced men to office. President Bayar, alone of all the new leaders, had prior Cabinet experience. With a cockiness that recalls the Age of Jackson in young America, the new Government has asserted its contempt for the inhibitions handed down by the leadership it replaced.

The present Opposition has, expectedly, produced a good deal of evidence to support its charges that Bayar's Government has ignored its campaign promises—notably those to reduce the price of bread and the cost of living, and to extend the area of private enterprise. Obviously, such pledges were impossible of immediate fulfillment, so the only precedent set is one familar to Americans for over a century—the use of extravagant promises as a method of gaining votes and office.

The Democrats are charged also with injuring the civil service by dismissing able officeholders unwarrantedly and replacing them with deserving Turkish Democrats. The accusation is unquestionably true. But it probably was necessary to cut into the ranks of

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civil servants, in order to reduce the power accumulated by the Republican People's Party over twenty-seven years. Some damage to the merit system is part of the price Turkey apparently must pay for the luxury of having two independent political parties. It has been so in some other countries, including the United States.

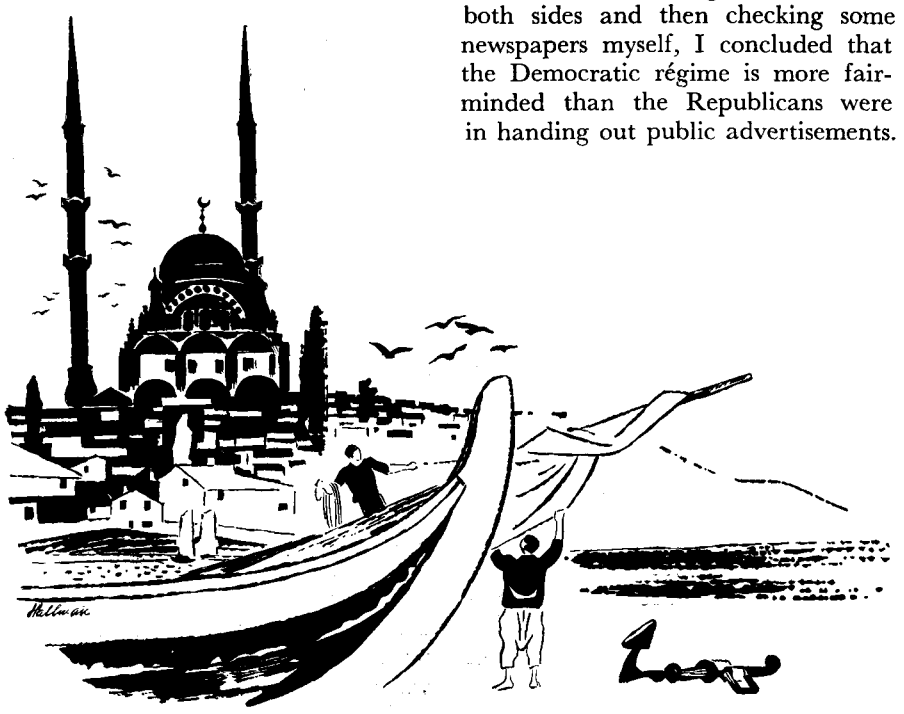
The Democrats have wisely carried on Turkey's foreign policy without material change. Foreign policy was not an issue in the 1950 campaign. It is not a party issue now, but the new Government is severely criticized for failing to consult with the Opposition on foreign policy questions. This, of course, also has a familiar ring to Americans. Celâl Bayar's Government in 1951, like Harry Truman's in 1949, is imperiling the principle of a bipartisan foreign policy by neglecting to consult. This is unlikely to bring the results in Turkey that it has brought in America, however, where foreign policy has become a plaything of partisan feuding. The Turks, living for centuries in the shadow of Russian power, simply do not dare be as irresponsible about foreign policy as Americans still are.

McCarthy Pasha?

In their campaign and since, Turkish Democrats have introduced the fine art of character assassination, to the disgust of many citizens and the bitter anger of the Republicans. Their barbs are directed chiefly at former President Inönü, but they also reach others. In their press, in the Assembly, and in public forums, the Democrats have brought into being a sort of Turkish McCarthyism, a thing without parallel in authoritarian Turkey.

It is a temptation simply to condemn this development out of hand, but it, too, seems to be part of the agonizing process of creating a two-party system. In the one-party state of 1923-1945, it was not necessary to go to the people and parade the rascality of the opposing party's leaders. There was no Opposition. It was not necessary to appeal to popular prejudice, save to the ever-vigorous chauvinism of the Turkish rank and file. But if there are to be two vigorously competing parties, it seems inevitable that the leaders of each will wind up by making increasingly vigorous personal attacks on their opponents.

The Democrats also are accused of throwing the advertising of the government and of state economic enterprises to their own party newspapers. This is a deadly serious charge, if true. In a country where more than sixty per cent of industrial activity is under state ownership, government advertising is extremely important. It is a weapon far more potent, intrinsically, than the tricks Juan Perón has used to destroy the freedom of the Argentine press. However, after talking with leaders on both sides and then checking some newspapers myself, I concluded that the Democratic régime is more fair-minded than the Republicans were in handing out public advertisements.



Up to now, complete freedom of the Turkish press has continued, but Turkish editors are not conspicuous for their temperance and self-restraint. Because of this and because of the persistence of the authoritarian mentality in public office, the freedom of the press is still on shaky foundations in Turkey.

Evicting the Opposition

The most bitter issue between the parties in Turkey today is the Democratic proposal, now assured of enactment, to confiscate the Halk Evis—the "people's houses" of the Republican Party. There are upwards of two thousand of these cultural community centers, belonging to the party which alone governed Turkey for a quarter century. While the one-party system prevailed, it made little difference whether these quasi-political neighborhood centers belonged to the state or to the party. It was all the same.

But the Democrats, whose resources were meager and whose local clubs were primitive, insist that the Republicans' Halk Evis are rightfully state property, because they were largely financed by the municipalities. That is true, yet it is a bad precedent for a party coming to power to confiscate the properties of the Opposition party, simply by passing a law to that effect. One can argue it either way. The plain fact is that some injustice will have to be done and some long-standing vested rights trampled on if Turkey is to complete the painful process of separating party and state unequivocally and finally.

As they run down the list of abuses I have cited and some others, Republican leaders work up a fine sense of outrage. They are finding it hard to believe that so many ugly new practices are necessary to the evolution of a two-party system. Actually, most of these abuses, or recognizable variants of them, exist in virtually all self-governing countries. In greater or lesser degree, they are the facial marks of democracy, which is no more perfect than the people who operate it.

The present readjustments are made harder by the lopsided alignment in the Grand National Assembly. With 408 Deputies, the Democratic régime can do absolutely anything it chooses. With only sixty-nine members, the Republican People's Party cannot even

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make a strong protest. It is meagerly represented on all the nineteen committees of the Assembly, but it is powerless to stay any proposal of law. Leaders on both sides agree that a closer balance of party strength would be wholesome, but they do not see how to achieve it.

Toward Capitalism

While Turkey's political system wavers between the old authoritarianism and the new two-party democracy, the Turkish national economy reveals a like dualism. All heavy industry, power, transport, and communications are state-owned, as well as much light industry. State monopolies cover over sixty per cent of Turkish industrial activity. To Americans this is socialism. But to the Turks it is nothing of the sort. Having no money market, no pool of private investment funds, Atatürk's men turned in 1923 to state exploitation, which they raised to the dignified level of a high principle of state policy by using the term *étatisme*. In fact, it is socialism without any trace of Marxist intent.

The Democrats, however, are committed to move toward a free-enterprise economy. They regard state enterprise as a pragmatic means of developing the nation's economy, in the pre-capitalist stage, as a preparation for private enterprise in the western pattern. After a year and a half, they have transferred no monopoly to private ownership, however, excusing themselves on the plea that the old régime ran its state exploitations so inefficiently that private investors won't buy them. A new law opens the door slightly to private foreign business enterprise. Another paves the way for lending $50 million to private Turkish entrepreneurs, through a Turkish Industrial Development Bank. But except for agriculture, the Turkish economy remains predominantly socialist, as we would say, or *étatist,* as the Turks prefer to say.

Turkey therefore is an anomaly, in economic terms. It is perhaps the most socialist state of the world today outside of the Soviet bloc, yet it is one of the very few nations consciously heading towards a free-enterprise system.

The greatest danger to Turkey's democracy seems to lie in the unrestrained power of the majority in the Grand National Assembly. Atatürk's

constitution makers explored all the major constitutional systems of the world, and they chose with discernment; but they made one grave mistake. To a single-chamber legislature, which is all right in itself, they added the majority system of voting and the British principle that parliament possesses *all* political power. Consequently, there is no way to enforce the constitution as a limit on the exercise of power save through the conscience of the majority of Deputies. Any bill the Assembly adopts is constitutional, no matter how it may do violence to the provisions of the constitution. In such conditions, a constitution is merely a pious declaration of principles, not a binding set of rules for the conduct of government.

Are Senators Necessary?

Recognizing this flaw two years ago, the Republican People's Party proposed the creation of a second chamber, a Senate, with its members having different terms of office from the Deputies and a different method of election. But the Republican defeat in 1950 made an end of that project, and the Democrats are naturally showing no particular sign of interest.

In general, the status of the Opposition in the Assembly is even less secure and dignified than it was two years ago. Celâl Bayar's Government is not only preparing to confiscate the Halk Evis—a logical step away from the one-party state—it also is about to confiscate much of the Opposition party's other property, leaving it little but its membership rosters and its debts. Some Republican leaders profess to see an acute danger that their party will be declared bankrupt after this confiscation, and then will be officially suppressed. It looks as though the present Democratic leaders have not escaped entirely from the mentality of the one-party state, even though it was they who built Turkey's first successful Opposition party.

The Next Crisis

These, then, are the clouds that hang ominously over the brand-new democracy of Turkey in the formative months of 1951. A two-party system has been achieved and is operating. But for its survival it depends on the moral courage of Celâl Bayar and Adnan Menderes, and possibly two others, the Speaker of the Assembly and the Foreign Minister. Their self-restraint is all that stands between Turkey and a relapse into one-party rule. If they can muster the magnanimity of spirit to look beyond party advantage, they will leave the Opposition party with enough strength and freedom of action to live a vigorous corporate life. Then it will take only a few years for Turkey's new two-party system to shake down and gather permanent strength. But if they go ahead and smash the Republican People's Party, as they can by punitive legislation and by coercion of voters, the Turks will find themselves back again in a one-party state, with only the faces changed.

Turkey passed one of the great crises of its march towards true self-government when, early in 1950, President Inönü decided to go through with wholly free elections. It may come to another such crisis, perhaps this year, when it will fall to Bayar and a few associates to decide whether to use the untrammeled power of the majority to shatter their opposition, or to accept the self-limiting imperative that guided Inönü two years earlier.

The late Chief Justice Harlan Stone once said of the U.S. Supreme Court that "the only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint." That holds for the dominant men of the top-heavy majority in Turkey's Assembly. It is for them to say whether Turkey will succeed or fail in its brilliant thirty-year effort to build a democracy on the ashes of a corrupt empire.

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Bloody Harlan and Corrupt Bell—III

How one honest judge, by enforcing the law, has brought on a crisis in the bipartisan political machine of the Ball brothers

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

On the far side of the Cumberland Gap, in the extreme southeastern corner of Kentucky, is Bell County—an isolated area of coal mines and mountains, corruption and violence, ignorance and courage. To the simple people who inhabit the area, all these factors are equally immutable. The poverty resulting from complete dependence on the coal industry can't be changed any more than the mountains can be broken down to let in the world outside. Since the political corruption can't be eliminated, the only justice to be relied on is private justice, meted out with the gun. Hence the violence, and the courage in facing up to it.

Amid man's attempts to destroy what beauty nature gave the area, the mountain folk have lived out their lives hardly knowing the meaning of the word "democracy," and seldom experiencing many of its benefits. Until three years ago, when a chance act of the Kentucky legislature gave Bell County an honest circuit judge, Bell County residents found it hard to remember a fair trial by law or an unfixed election. Democratic rights simply atrophied, while a few men ruled the local government and the courts and their liquor and gambling rackets ran wide open. Fear—not of another man, but of the syndicate—stifled freedom of speech where it was needed most.

Bell has never received the notoriety of its sister county to the north, "Bloody Harlan," possibly because the union wars of the 1930's, which first brought the section to the nation's attention, centered mainly in Harlan. But certainly, Bell deserves equal attention. Its record of killings is on a par with Harlan's; in some years, it has averaged more than one murder for each thousand residents. And its record of political corruption outdoes Harlan's.

Floyd and Little Brother

The men who run Bell County, though not so securely as they once did, are the Ball brothers, Floyd and Alva. Floyd is the more polished of the two, and does the thinking for both. "Alvey," who is also known locally as "Little Brother," is the flashier dresser, the heavier drinker, the more violent-tempered, and the man who in times past has bragged he was "just like Al Capone, only with a smaller territory to work in."

The Ball brothers live in southeastern Kentucky's largest town, Middlesboro, and it is there that their power is strongest. Like their good friend Merle Middleton up in Harlan, Floyd and Alvey have climbed to the top of the crude society they live in simply by being tougher, quicker, and shrewder than their opponents. Their court records contain dozens of criminal indictments, including several for murder. But while Middleton apparently has sought political power solely to feed a personal lust for it, and has avoided the rackets, the power of the Ball brothers has often been used to advance the bootlegging and slot-machine interests with which their names have been so frequently and intimately associated. To them, political power is not an end but a means.

Aside from the somewhat similar positions enjoyed today by both Middleton and the Ball brothers, and the similar methods used to reach these positions, there is one other parallel between the two: Both Middleton and the Floyd-Alvey axis started from scratch; and both have acquired sizable legitimate business investments over the years, investments operated entirely separately from their more sordid ventures into politics.

Among other investments, Floyd Ball told me quite modestly during a recent interview at his home, the brothers own the Middlesboro bus-terminal building, the local baseball park, and a large tourist court just outside town. They are also majority stockholders in the town's largest hotel, the Cumberland, and in the local natural-gas company. In the old days, before Circuit Judge R. L. Maddox took office and began enforcing the law, the Ball brothers also owned a wholesale liquor house and a well-known gambling dive, the Wabash Cafe.

When the Ball family first came to Bell County from Virginia around the turn of the century, the father, Frank Ball, wasted little time in giving the native populace a hint of things to come. Within a few years he had figured prominently in several killings, and in 1905 he was sentenced to life

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imprisonment—though later pardoned by the governor—for the murder of John Bolen, a local barber.

Frank Ball also displayed a ready interest in local politics. After a glance at the dominant Republican voting record of the county, he quickly switched his own political affiliations to side with the majority. But Frank was never so successful politically as his sons were to become. In his only attempt at elective office, he was badly beaten in a race for county sheriff.

The Feud

Frank's three sons, Floyd, Alva, and Ira, learned from their father as they grew up, and worked with him when they were old enough. Only Floyd and Alvey survived the early days, however. During a struggle for control of certain lucrative interests, the Ball family crossed purposes with another powerful family, the Colsons. In the years immediately after the First World War, the struggle expanded into the last genuine feud in Bell County's history —a feud that ended only when the sole surviving male Colson, Clay, was eased off to a governmental post in Washington, through the good offices of the district's Congressman.

Ira was one of the first to die in the feud. During a running gun battle one night, Clay's brother George, the leader of the Colson clan, used the last cartridge in his pistol to kill Ira from ambush.

The funeral that followed is still considered a record for splendor in the area. Reportedly, Floyd and Alvey bought up all the flowers in Bell County, and then sent away to Lexington for more. But the tribute to Ira didn't stop there. A few weeks later, George Colson made the mistake of appearing in public drunk. Within an hour, he was shot dead. A jury found Floyd Ball guilty of the killing, and arrangements were made for the trip to the state penitentiary. Floyd never got there, however. Like his father before him, he was pardoned by the governor.

Career Men

When prohibition came along in 1920, Floyd and Alvey followed the line of least resistance. At first the money came in slowly. "I can remember when those boys were selling red whiskey for fifty cents a pint," a prominent citizen told me, more than a little wistfully.

Floyd (above) and Alvey Ball

But by the time the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed in 1933, the Ball brothers had amassed more money than their father had ever seen.

Of course, it was difficult to stay out of trouble in those years. Between 1922 and 1933, Floyd and Alvey were indicted, according to Bell County records alone, on a total of seventeen criminal charges. Floyd was indicted for murder, for malicious shooting and wounding, and for contempt of court, among other charges. Both he and Alvey were charged with carnal knowledge of females under eighteen, although the charge was later dismissed by a grand jury. Alvey was also indicted once for murder, once for malicious striking and wounding, and four times for carrying concealed weapons.

But the majority of the charges and indictments against both Floyd and Alvey during the prohibition era involved liquor. Between 1922 and 1926, Floyd was indicted by Bell County grand juries on seven different liquor charges. And in 1929, the Federal government caught up with Alvey. He was convicted of conspiracy to violate the National Prohibition Act, and spent most of 1930 as No. 31657 in Atlanta.

Alvey's prison term didn't slow him down much, however, if his court record is any indication. He was indicted for murder in 1933 and again in 1936. The first indictment ended when the official charged with prosecuting him, the county attorney, moved that the case be dismissed; the second when the jury found Alvey not guilty.

Pastures New

With the end of prohibition, the careers of Floyd and Alvey Ball entered a new phase. The first sign of that phase was the arrest and subsequent fining of both on charges of operating slot machines at the Wabash Cafe. The second sign was a sudden boom in the brothers' political activities.

Until 1936, Floyd and Alvey had confined their interest in politics largely to Middlesboro. But in 1937 they threw their influence behind certain candidates for Bell County offices. Their efforts met with startling success. By 1940, the Ball brothers' political strength was sufficient to send Floyd to Frankfort as the area's representative in the state legislature. And when the 1941 elections were over, it was clear that a candidate in Bell County either won with the support of Floyd and Alvey Ball, or he did not win.

Political parties came to mean little. Both Floyd and Alvey remained nominal Republicans, but they didn't hesitate to support a Democrat they considered a more favorable choice. The best-known Democrat to receive such "bipartisan" support from the Ball brothers was A. B. ("Happy") Chandler, the recently fired baseball commissioner. After Chandler's successful campaign for U.S. Senator in 1942, more than a hundred persons in southeastern Kentucky were indicted for election fraud. Most were convicted and many received prison terms, although they were ably defended by a local lawyer named James S. Golden, who is today the U.S. Representative

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from Kentucky's Ninth District, thanks partly to backing from the Ball brothers.

Neither Floyd nor Alvey was directly involved in the mass election-fraud trial. But two years later, when a group of independent Democrats in Bell County brought suit to break up the county Democratic machine, which allegedly was taking orders from Floyd and Alvey, some of the testimony related to the part that the Ball brothers had played in this election. During the hearings, one witness testified he had been in the room where Chandler's votes were being tabulated on election night. "I do know," he said, "it went so strongly for Chandler that Alva Ball came in and protested vigorously and said: 'It will show us up bad with the Republicans in the state.' "

"In other words, they were stealing too much?" the witness was asked.

"That is right."

Another man checking returns in the county clerk's office that night was Herndon Evans, publisher of the Pineville *Sun*. Evans has said that with all but one precinct in, Chandler showed a majority of 1,200 votes. But when a tabulator came in and announced some errors had been discovered, the ballot boxes from nine Middlesboro precincts were taken back and, presumably, recounted. The next morning, Evans found Chandler's majority had been cut from 1,200 to 564 votes. After exposing this fact in an article, Evans was barred from the tabulating room for more than three years.

The Bipartisans

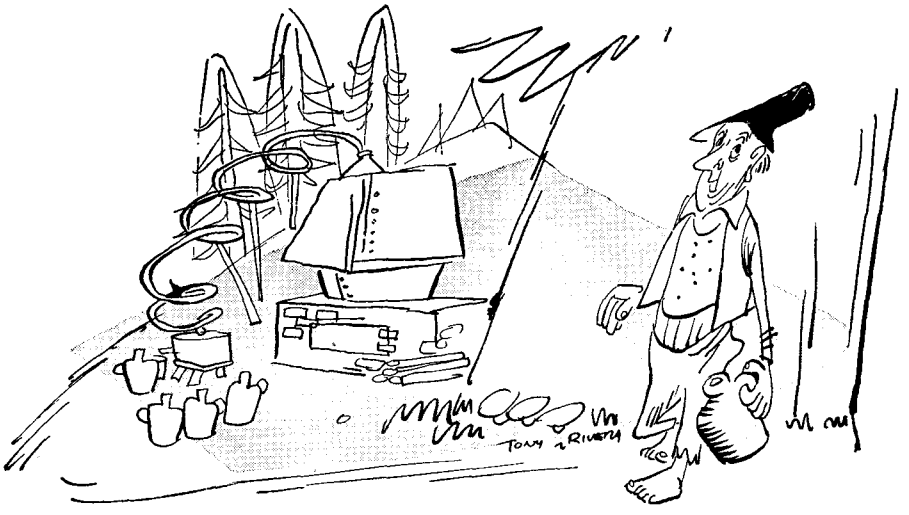
There was also testimony on the extent to which by 1944 the Ball brothers had taken control of not only their own party but the Democratic Party as well. At the time, Floyd Ball was Bell County Republican chairman and Alvey Ball was serving on the county purgation board, although his citizenship, lost when he was convicted of bootlegging in 1929, was not to be restored by the governor until 1946.

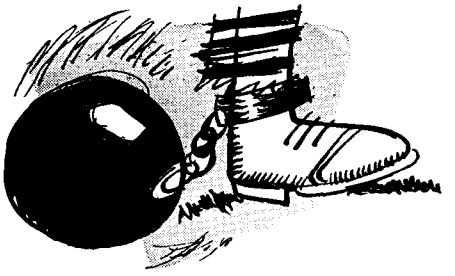
If Floyd's official duties were light, Alvey's were nil; there hadn't been a purgation of voting lists in Bell County for as far back as anyone could remember. But the brothers' unofficial political responsibilities were heavy. For, as witness after witness indicated, Floyd and Alvey were the leaders of a small clique that held joint management of both parties and elected its own private candidates almost at will.

The clique's power stemmed from its domination of the Bell County election commission. Since the commission had sole authority for supervising every local election, including the appointment of all minor election officers such as poll watchers and tabulators, control of it meant that an election could be stacked as easily as a deck of cards.

The election commission consisted of three men. The first was the sheriff, J. S. Helton, who had previously worked for the Ball brothers' wholesale liquor house and had run for office with their support. One witness called him a "henchman" of the Ball brothers, who "lets them operate slot machines and doesn't enforce the law."

The second member of the county election commission was Republican Tom Ingram, who had been Floyd Ball's subordinate in the party's county hierarchy. During the hearings, Ingram was characterized as being as devoted to Floyd as he was to his wife.





The third member of the commission was Democrat Alec Patterson, the man the independent Democrats were trying to get out of office in the suit. Sworn testimony showed that Floyd Ball had made at least one trip to Frankfort to urge the appointment of Patterson, even though he supposedly represented the opposition.

In light of the above, it was hardly necessary for another witness to state: "In my judgment, he [Floyd Ball] controlled them [the election commissioners] both body and soul."

By dominating the commission, the Ball brothers and their cohorts could choose all tabulators and election observers, regardless of the recommendations sent in by the precinct chairmen of both parties. The effects of this power were presented in detail during the hearings. A hasty study of the testimony shows that at least twenty-seven minor election officers in Bell County were ineligible to serve, for one reason or another. Nine had been in prison. Five didn't live in Kentucky, and three more didn't live in the precinct to which they were assigned. Four were registered Republicans serving as Democratic officers. Three couldn't read or write. And three were dead.

Convicted criminals in the tabulating rooms did not contribute to the honesty of the election. The few witnesses who had ever been able to gain admittance testified that many of the tabulators were armed and gunplay was frequent. One honest tabulator was recorded as stating that after he had protested against sixty illegal votes, Floyd Ball approached him and said: "This is the last time you will be an election officer."

Unfortunately, the case developed into little more than a public exposition of what was already at least strongly suspected by everyone in Bell County. A Citizens League, sponsored primarily by the local Baptist clergy, did take shape, with sizable chapters in Middlesboro and in Pineville, the county

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seat, fourteen miles to the west. But even the league had no real lasting effect on the political control exercised by Floyd and Alvey Ball. Some members became discouraged over the lack of support the league received from the local courts. Others resigned after receiving telephoned threats against their lives and against the lives of their families. Even some of the clergymen were threatened. By 1947, little was left of all the resolute intentions of three years earlier.

The Crackdown

But in 1948, an unobtrusive piece of legislation came out of Frankfort that was to hit the Ball empire harder than all the varied efforts of the Citizens League combined. The Kentucky legislature simply decided that Harlan County was getting too big to share a circuit court with Bell. The judicial district which had previously served both counties was narrowed to Harlan alone, and up to Harlan went the circuit court's elected officers, including the Ball-elected judge, T. Grant Forester, and commonwealth attorney, Daniel Boone Smith.

For Bell and adjoining Leslie County, the legislature created a new judicial district, the forty-first. On September 1, 1948, Governor Earle C. Clements announced his appointments to the new circuit court. For judge, he selected R. L. Maddox, a Democrat who had been very active in the Middlesboro Citizens League. For commonwealth attorney, he chose Robert J. Watson, another Democrat, but one whose name had been linked with the Ball clique.

Watson quickly showed that if he had been working at one time with the Ball brothers, he was no longer. He co-operated fully with Maddox. And Maddox went to work. Almost as soon as he was sworn in, he cracked down on the slot machines. More than fifty persons were quickly indicted. All pleaded guilty, were fined, and sent away with a warning that any repetition would mean even stiffer penalties.

The long-neglected law against carrying concealed weapons was brought back to active status, and several were sent to jail for that offense. After Maddox obtained the help of state alcoholic-beverage control officers, bootleggers also began to appear more regularly on the court dockets.

When the slot machines started to come back in April, 1950, Judge Maddox cracked down again. As he had promised, he handed out much heavier fines. The next time, he warned, there would be prison terms.

To date, there has been no next time. One result, it is only fair to assume, is that the income of Floyd and Alvey Ball has been seriously reduced. And as is the case when any machine loses its revenue, there are signs of political retrenchment. Today, Alvey holds no political office. Floyd seems to have confined his exercise of power, at least temporarily, to Middlesboro.

On neither of my trips to Middlesboro last summer did I see Alvey Ball. "He's pretty fractious," I was told. "Might up and do you some harm if you just happened to touch him off the wrong way—especially if he's using those little pills he calls 'yellow jackets.'" I decided not to take the chance, with the private rationalization that Floyd had always been the spokesman for both anyway.

The Disarming Floyd

I called on Floyd Ball at his home, a moderately prosperous-looking residence of stucco and glass bricks on the outskirts of Middlesboro. Although it was early afternoon, I caught him at the breakfast table, in the company of two rather hard-faced men.

Floyd's own face was in marked contrast—the face of a Sunday-school teacher, almost prissy behind the half-rimmed glasses. The smooth complexion, the small pointed nose, the tight mouth, and the delicate chin all contributed to the impression, marred only by the faint gleam of two gold teeth as he greeted me.

My business was explained in the vaguest possible terms, with Congressman Golden's name thrown in for good measure. Without bothering to introduce his companions, Floyd invited me into the living room.

By common if unspoken agreement, the conversation remained general. Floyd talked quietly and intelligently. His grammar was not perfect but was far better than might have been expected. On local politics, he said the Democrats had been slowly gaining strength in Bell County ever since the New Deal. On economics, he explained that his position with the natural-gas company precluded his discussion of the collapse of the local coal-mining industry and its effect on the people.

While he talked, I took notes on his lounging attire: slippers, pale-green slacks, a grass-green belt, and a red-striped pajama top. In this costume, it was easy to ascertain that he carried no gun—a fact which, according to others I talked with in the area, made me one of the few ever to see him in such a state of undress.

"Floyd and Alvey both wear coats, even in hundred-degree heat," I had been told. "If they took them off, you'd see those guns hanging off them. I saw Floyd at the ball game last week. He stood up to cheer, his coat hiked up, and there was that big handle sticking out of his back pocket."

Our interview ended with a brief outline of Floyd's business interests, most of which I had to pry from him with direct questions. When he saw me to the door, it was difficult to recall the many stories I had heard of this man's background.

But it was only necessary to drop in on Judge Maddox to get back on the track. Maddox turned out to be a stocky, rumpled man, with a froglike neck, small blue eyes, and white wavy hair neatly parted in the middle. As I entered his office, he was in conference with another man, a lawyer from Leslie

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County. I stated my mission, in much more positive terms than I had used with Floyd Ball, and was asked to wait in the anteroom.

Handle with Care

The door to the inner office was left open, and I heard the lawyer's voice: "Now, don't you talk too much, Judge. You know what can happen." Then, as he came to the door, a parting shot: "Be careful."

Maddox talked pleasantly to me. But he *was* careful. He agreed that his successful fight against the slot machines had shut off one source of revenue for Floyd and Alvey Ball. But he skipped over his personal activities against the brothers in the days of the Citizens League.

Maddox pointed out that his appointment as circuit judge had lasted only until November, 1949. Then both he and Commonwealth Attorney Watson were up for election. By voting day, the judge had already clinched the election by winning both the Republican and the Democratic Party primaries.

Watson was not so fortunate. He lost to the Ball candidate, G. R. Drinnon. For a time, Maddox thought he would be fighting alone. But then, he said, Drinnon told him that while he had had the Ball brothers' support in the election, he had made them no promises and didn't intend to give them anything now.

"It's turning out to be the same with other county and district officers who got in with their help," Maddox told me. "A lot of them are beginning to co-operate, now that they know the court is behind them."

Coming from a less modest man, the judge's words might have sounded like a boast, a boast that he alone stood between honest government and the Ball brothers. But in the context of his chat with me, and in the context of the man's personality, it was a simple statement of fact.

Without Judge Maddox, the government and the courts of Bell County could quickly revert to the corrupt low of the war years. Floyd and Alvey Ball know this as well as anyone else.

The judge will be running for his first full term on the circuit bench in November. "I reckon they'll be doing everything they can against me," he said, with just the slightest twitch at the corners of his jaw to indicate it was more than passing thought.

(This is the last in a series of three articles on Harlan and Bell Counties, Kentucky.)

'Logic' and the Two-Party System

The very shapelessness of our present groupings is a strong factor in the relative tranquillity of American political life

ROBERT BENDINER

If Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota is correct, some fifteen of his colleagues in the Upper House and a dozen or so Representatives are ready to join him in scrapping the American party system as it has operated for close to a century. The Senator's remarkably simple plan is for his own Republican Party to do formally on a national scale what it has long since done informally in Congress, that is, ally itself with the tory Democrats of the South.

The new party to be born of this merger would be based on a common conservatism, and on Mundt's syllogism to the effect that the Roosevelt-Truman Democrats have "moved toward socialism," that "socialism is a long step toward Communism," and that, therefore, only such an alliance can save the Republic from Marx's disease and slow death.

If the Mundt dream fails to materialize, the failure will not lie in what the Senator believes is the shortsightedness of petty politicians. It will lie in a profound misconception of American politics which he shares not only with his Congressional sympathizers but with all those who from time to time call for a "rational" realignment of our parties, with liberals in one camp and conservatives in the other. This is, in fact, the first time a major effort of this sort has come from the Right rather than the Left, and it may at least have the virtue of forcing Republican leaders to get down to fundamentals in mapping their strategy for 1952.

Estranged Bedfellows

Tactical considerations, if nothing else, make an official Republican link with the Dixiecrats impractical, to say the least. While it is true that Roosevelt shook the greater part of the Negro vote loose from its traditional Republican moorings, the G.O.P. cannot for a minute think of writing that vote off as a permanent loss, which is precisely what it would have to do if it followed Mundt's advice. As one Republican Senator pointed out to me, it is all very well for a politician from South Dakota to take an airy view of such

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Mundt

matters, but what would happen to Dixiecrat-linked candidates in states like New York, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, without which no Republican has a chance to capture the Presidency? Senator Ives's bill for a Federal Fair Employment Practices Act has the sponsorship of such extreme right-wingers as Senators Capehart and Jenner, who would obviously have a hard time reconciling their stand with any overt tie to the Dixiecrats.

Individually, the Southerners, too, would stand to lose by the merger. As nominal Democrats they are sure of re-election, term after term, with consequent seniority in Congressional committees. The Mundt realignment would mean competition in the South, costly campaigning, and a sacrifice of those automatic committee chairmanships which now give the Southerners power on Capitol Hill that is far out of proportion to their number, the number of their constituents, and their collective merit as statesmen.

Ideological Eyewash

Even putting aside the possibility of an open alliance with the Dixiecrats, the Mundt proposal poses a pretty question and one that will come up insistently in the months ahead: Can the Republican Party afford to raise the banner of avowed toryism, as Mundt demands? Immediate tactics aside, is it feasible for the G.O.P. ever to go to the country as the open promoter and defender of conservatism? Here is where the real misconception comes in, for such a course—and Mundt is not alone in advocating it—rests on fallacies of which no American politician should be unaware.

The first of these is that an appreciable number of American citizens vote out of fixed ideological convictions, liberal or conservative. It should be plain from a reading of almost any set of election figures, and certainly from the swings that occur from one election to the next, that neither political theory nor even identification with a class or economic group weighs heavily with the voters. In the last three Presidential races the Republicans have polled an average of 46.3 per cent of the votes, which even in the United States would be a vastly swollen figure for the upper crust. Obviously, as Representative Jacob Javits of New York has put it, "there are as many of the masses in the Republican Party as there are in the Democratic Party—and both parties have the classes, too."

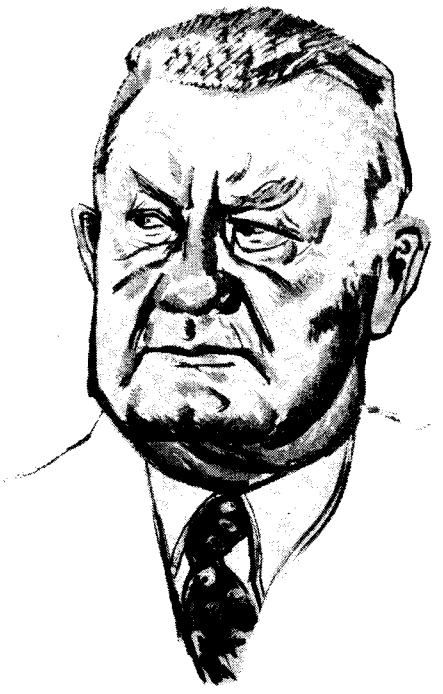
But if this is somewhat too perfunctory a way to dispose of the "class" breakdown of American voters, consider further how mercurially the various economic groups have shifted within a few years. The trade-union vote has been heavily Democratic since 1932, but before that the bulk of organized labor was traditionally in the Republican pocket. Or to take a more recent shift: The Democrats, in 1944, led by Roosevelt, took the industrial states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Michigan, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, but lost rural states like Colorado, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. Just four years later, however, Truman lost every one of the above-named industrial states to the Republicans and won every one of the farm states listed.

The second fallacy implicit in any scheme to commit the G.O.P. irrevocably to conservatism is that even the regular rank and file of the Republican Party, those who always vote a straight ticket, are all conservative, while the rank-and-file Democrats, even excluding the Southerners, are by nature liberal.

Historically, of course, there is no truth whatever in such an arbitrary division. We have had Republicans like Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, William E. Borah, and George Norris; and we have had Democrats—all Northerners and Presidential nominees, mind you—like General McClellan, who ran against Lincoln; Alton B. Parker, who opposed T.R.; and John W. Davis, the corporation lawyer who ran against Coolidge; not to mention the basically conservative Cleveland and such state party bosses as Frank Hague. What is less obvious, perhaps, but more important, is that no such categorical distinction can be made today, even after eighteen years of the New Deal and Fair Deal. In Congress the liberal Republican representation is admittedly small—in nearly two decades of Democratic rule the Republicans from overwhelmingly "safe," noncompetitive districts are naturally the ones who keep getting re-elected—but on the state level the party label is no criterion of liberalism at all, or of much else for that matter.

Gubernatorial Goulash

Of the twenty-three Democratic governors now in office, I cannot think of more than three who would feel at home in, say, Franklin Roosevelt's Cabinet. These are Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, W. Kerr Scott of North Carolina, and G. Mennen Williams of Michigan. Possibly Frank J. Lausche



Duff

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of Ohio also fits into this category, although organized labor in that state is rather sour on his administration, and his neutrality in the campaign between Taft and Ferguson last year did nothing to enhance his standing with liberals. In any case, that completes the list.

Among the twenty-five Republican governors, on the other hand, there are at least five who, for all their political opposition to the Roosevelt-Truman Administrations, would, if they were in charge of the country, make little or no basic change in the policies that have obtained for the past six years. I am thinking of Earl Warren of California, Val Peterson of Nebraska, Alfred E. Driscoll of New Jersey, Luther Youngdahl of Minnesota (who has abandoned his post to become a Federal judge), and, perhaps stretching the point a bit, Thomas E. Dewey of New York.

In this same category are recent Republican governors like James Duff of Pennsylvania and Ernest W. Gibson of Vermont. Those I have mentioned would no doubt object strenuously to the suggestion that they would not provide government considerably different from what we have been getting, and there would, no doubt, be differences in tone and perhaps in the degree of Federal control. But the conviction of government's responsibility for the economic as well as the physical welfare of the people is there, and, whatever they say, it separates them from the McCormicks, Brickers, and Capeharts by a far greater gulf than exists between them and the Fair Dealers—just as the Fair Dealers are closer to them than they are to a fellow Democrat like Congressman Gene Cox of Georgia.

Wherry's Back Yard

The difference between the behavior of a Republican in Congress, where he is not held individually responsible for the welfare of the folks back home, and in a governor's mansion, where he is, is beautifully illustrated in Nebraska. Judging from Kenneth Wherry and Hugh Butler, two of the most staunchly reactionary men in Washington, one would think that the G.O.P. in that state is reliving the times of Rutherford B. Hayes, but the man who administers the day-to-day affairs of Nebraska belies the charge.

Capehart

Governor Val Peterson sees no future for his party, nationally, until it convinces people that Republicanism and depression are not synonymous, that Republicans in power are not opposed to "all governmental activity designed to relieve economic distress." After the 1948 fiasco he laid down this line to the party's national committee: "Convince the people that if we were in control of the government we would not stand idly by in case of a national economic emergency and merely wait for problematical economic laws to work themselves out." In the Senate, Wherry can perhaps afford to rant about "free enterprise," but back in Lincoln the governor takes the tack that there is no need for the party to "commit hara-kiri by an overzealous and ceremonious insistence on the doctrine of laissez-faire." It is worth noting that he thinks such insistence does mean hara-kiri, and that he himself has found an enthusiastic response to his own view that "we do not live in a frontier society in which government can confine itself to validating land titles and warding off the Indians."

Driscoll and Youngdahl

Similarly, New Jersey's Governor Driscoll, branded by his opponents within the Republican Party as "more of a New Dealer than the originals," says that the G.O.P. "cannot come to praise Lincoln and at the same time bury his political philosophy." Like Dewey, he makes the distinction between promoting welfare legislation from Washington and promoting it through the states, but he does want it promoted. "The real issues of today," he says, "are essentially of method rather than objective."

The records of all these men are similar, and they bear out the general sentiments expressed by Peterson. Youngdahl and Driscoll worked to eliminate segregation in their National Guard organizations, and the Minnesotan took the lead in settling European displaced persons on the farms of his state. It would have jarred Democratic Senator Patrick McCarran of Nevada, whose distrust of D.P.s is equaled only by his trust of Generalissimo Franco, to hear Republican Governor Youngdahl remark: "On my own part, I should be happy to invite all the . . . displaced persons of Europe to come to Minnesota, feeling confident that this state and the land would be enriched by their residence here." Both Youngdahl and former governor Duff of Pennsylvania feel strongly about the primitive treatment of the mentally ill in our public institutions, and both have worked hard to bring about improvements within their states.

The High Cost of Logic

In general, all these Republican executives favor modification of the Taft-Hartley law (Peterson regards the non-Communist oath as "insulting"), public-power development, including valley authorities, extensive soil-conservation programs, strengthening of the United Nations, expanded programs of social security, including more generous old-age pensions and unemployment insurance, fair employment practices legislation, stricter enforcement of the anti-trust laws, state rent-control laws, and similar measures usually regarded by the Mundts and Brickers of the party as the insidious devices of Moscow for softening the strong capitalist backbone of a free America.

Yet these same governors are popular enough to be elected and re-elected, and to implement their programs in states as unassailably Republican as Vermont and Nebraska. Duff won emphatically in a knockdown fight with the Grundy machine in Pennsylvania; Dewey, lacking as he may be in personal appeal, managed to rout the Gannett-Macy tories in New York; and Warren's position in California is

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impregnable in spite of intraparty attacks on him for "policies akin to those of the CIO Political Action Committee and all the radical riffraff of California." The same phenomenon is reflected in Republican conventions, which, in spite of violent attacks on the Democrats, invariably produce a platform barely distinguishable from that of the party's allegedly "pink" opponents. In short, the rank and file of Republicans are far from sold on conservatism as such. And as long as that is true, no scheme like Mundt's and no effort to sell the party as the avowed instrument of nineteenth-century laissez faire is likely to return the Grand Old Party to power.

To say this, however, is not to suggest that the effort will not be made. And therein lies the danger. The longer a party is out of power, the more likely are its extremist elements to be brought to the top—out of sheer desperation. In a progressively vicious circle, this reduces the party's chances still further and brings even less responsible individuals to the fore. The sufferance, and even encouragement, of Senator Joseph McCarthy by hitherto relatively sober leaders like Taft is an indication that this process is already under way. Unless it is checked, by victory or heroic housecleaning, the party will eventually become uninhabitable for the Petersons and Driscolls, and certainly for Senators like Morse, Aiken, and Tobey, as well as Representatives like Javits and Case. A split then would probably be inevitable, and realignment along ideological lines might follow.

We would then have "logic" in our politics, but the price would be high. Our major parties are admittedly shapeless conglomerations, the one ranging from McCarran to Douglas, the other from Mundt to Morse; but this very shapelessness is a powerful factor in the relative tranquillity of American political life. Extremists normally wear each other down within the confines of their respective parties, reducing the battle between the two of them to one of emphasis. Incomprehensible as the system may appear to Europeans, it has so far spared us the curse of multi-party coalitions, sudden drastic changes of policy, and periodic recourse to violence. All of which, perhaps, is worth the distress that our Tweedledum-Tweedledee parties inflict on tidy minds.

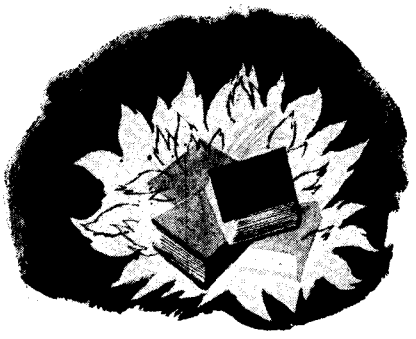
Public-School Enemy No. 1?

Allen Zoll, who agitates for a return to 'the three R's,' has a solid background of rant, racism, and reaction

ROBERT K. BINGHAM

ALLEN A. ZOLL, a tall, good-looking man in his middle fifties who is the executive vice-president of an organization called the National Council for American Education, feels that the battle against international Communism is being lost on the playing fields and in the classrooms of American schools. Zoll, who still has hopes of righting this wrong, may not have personally set off the series of local attacks on public-school administrators that has sprung up across the country in the last few years, but he has certainly done all that lay within his power to keep the attacks going.

Zoll's group, whose headquarters is in New York City, was active in the campaign to force Willard E. Goslin, a widely esteemed educator and a former



president of the American Association of School Administrators, out of his position as superintendent of public schools in Pasadena, California.

Zoll's influence has been detected in Denver. When Superintendent of Schools Kenneth Oberholtzer was under fire there, the Denver *Post* observed: "Members of the radical opponents of the Denver school system make no secret of the fact that they are out to 'get' Oberholtzer and that they are using Zoll's National Council material to help them."

Harry L. Stearns, the superintendent of schools in Englewood, New Jersey, was recently able to beat off rather inept attacks on five of his teachers by the Englewood Anti-Communist League. Frederick G. Cartwright, founder of the league, admitted, when he appeared in court after causing a disturbance at a meeting of the American Association for the United Nations, that he had contributed to Zoll's organization.

Last December's issue of the *Virginia Journal of Education* took edi-

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torial note of the fact that Zoll's ideas and pamphlets have been appearing in Virginia. "How Allen A. Zoll gets around!" the *Journal* commented. "But it would be inaccurate to say that Allen A. Zoll has at last come to Virginia. He has been here before to the extent that some of his remarkable views have been voiced, perhaps thoughtlessly, by some of our own people. The effort to discredit and undermine the public school system of America goes on."

'Frills and Fads'

Describing Zoll as the "chief-of-staff" of "a general attack on public education in the United States," Dr. Harold Benjamin, Dean of the University of Maryland's School of Education, told the National Education Association more than a year ago: "The enemy is trying our line with a number of local, probing raids, attempting to find out where we are weak or strong, testing his methods of attack, recruiting and training his forces, building up his stock piles, filling his war chest, and organizing his propaganda units."

Dr. Benjamin believed the sources of most school disputes were economic rather than political. He spoke of the "relatively unusual taxpayer who, when offered a choice between low taxes and an improvement of education for his people's children, will never hesitate. He will step right over on the side of low taxes."

Zoll's pamphlets, which have appeared in practically every community where there has been any sort of public-school controversy, cater to this "relatively unusual" taxpayer and provide him with slogans around which to mobilize popular fears and prejudices. In essence, Zoll's literature calls for an end of the wasteful "frills and fads" of progressive education and a bracing return to the Spartan régime our forefathers knew in the Little Red Schoolhouse. The three R's, after all, are not only American but also cheap.

Quest for the Quick

Zoll took up his present line of endeavor only recently, after a colorful career as a salesman, fund raiser, and general handy man in reactionary political circles. He would seem to have few qualifications for his present role as an educational authority aside from a winning personality and an unassailable record of anti-Communism that dates back to a visit he paid to Nazi Germany in the 1930's. His personality has won for him several executive positions in substantial business concerns, but he has never lingered long in any one job.

The years have treated Zoll kindly since he left Atchison, Kansas, his birthplace. Arnold Forster's *A Measure of Freedom* estimates that Zoll was able to raise $40,000 in 1949 from those who shared his forebodings about the future of American education.

Zoll's history appears as one prolonged quest for a quick route to success, a quest which has led him down some interesting byways. The National Council for American Education distributes a compilation of organizations that have been cited as subversive by various government agencies. Following current practice, Zoll's list includes only organizations that have been cited as Communist or Communist-front, omitting any reference to the totalitarian and fascist classifications that have been presented by the Attorney General from time to time. "This listing is by no means a complete one," the introduction to Zoll's catalogue admits. Indeed, if it were a more complete listing of subversive organizations it might have made mention of an organization called American Patriots, Inc., which has been cited as fascist by the Attorney General and which Zoll organized after his return from Germany in the 1930's.

A rough idea of the patriotism of American Patriots, Inc., can be derived from newspaper accounts of a meeting in May, 1939, which the group co-sponsored with the American Federation Against Communism, the Christian Front, and the American Nationalist Party. The New York *Times* reported that one of the speakers "was interrupted a dozen times by cries from the floor to 'throw the Jews out of Christian America.'" The audience "cheered mention of Father Coughlin, General Francisco Franco, Mayor Frank Hague," and others.

Faithful Fifty

John Roy Carlson, in his *Under Cover*, wrote: "Zoll was promoting 'patriotism' as a racket by appealing to a certain kind of woman. He paid particular attention to fat old ladies with fat pocketbooks. . ." Zoll does not seem to

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Acme

Allen A. Zoll

have forsaken the ladies in his recent reappearance as a defender of Americanism; among his official supporters he listed several Daughters of the American Revolution and assorted Colonial Daughters of the 17th Century, Daughters of the Union, and U.S. Daughters of 1812.

A face-to-face talk with Zoll, a favor which he denies to most reporters these days, reveals some of the boyish charm that attracts mature women of wealth and leisure. The habitual expression on his handsome face is one of brooding petulance. He avoids for the most part the eyes of those with whom he is speaking but occasionally glances directly at them for an instant with a sudden searching look or a forced smile which might easily be mistaken for genuine warmth.

Zoll's efforts against those whom he considers subversive have occasionally been misunderstood. In 1938, when radio station WMCA in New York City refused to carry Father Coughlin's radio addresses unless scripts were submitted in advance, the picket line that appeared at the station was led by Allen Zoll. (A recent "Memo from Allen Zoll" to the membership of his group declared: "I am not now and never have been a member of the Christian Front. I don't even know what it is. However, it sounds as though it might be a good idea, and, as a believing and practicing Christian, I might be eligible for it.")

After a few months of picketing Zoll was arrested and indicted by the grand jury on the charge of attempting to extort $7,500 from Donald Flamm, president of WMCA, for calling off the pickets. But the District Attorney finally recommended that the case be dropped, largely because of the difficulty of proving that the charming Zoll had not persuaded the officers of WMCA to hire him in a legal, though rather irregular, capacity to get rid of the pickets which he himself had been leading. When Zoll appeared in court, he was attended, according to the *Times*, by fifty of his admiring female supporters.

Just one last evidence of Zoll's qualifications to influence the course of American education deserves to be mentioned. Speaking before a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee in 1939, Zoll achieved a certain notoriety by coming right out and saying what many others who opposed the appointment of Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court had only hinted at. "There are two reasons why I oppose the appointment of Professor Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court of the United States," he said. "One is because I believe his record proves him unfitted for the position, irrespective of his race, and the other is because of his race."

What's in a Name?

Zoll's background has prepared him peculiarly well to be the "chief-of-staff" of a campaign which, like other movements to which it bears a resemblance, is based on disruption and confusion. Even the name of Zoll's outfit —the National Council for American Education—seems to have been deliberately contrived to invite confusion with two older and better-known organizations, the National Education Association and the American Council on Education. Zoll feels, however, that confusion can be avoided by paying careful attention when pronouncing the names. ". . . . it helps to get over the program the Council is working to bring about," one of his publications has suggested, "if you will accent the 'American.' Try it—National Council for *American* Education."

Zoll, who has described himself as an Internationally Known Sales Consultant, has clear and uncompromising ideas about what constitutes Americanism. The walls of his New York office are lined with brightly colored patriotic scenes which look as though they might have been clipped from Hearst Sunday supplements. His literature stresses the affinity between Communism and anything that threatens his own particular brand of Americanism.

In a pamphlet entitled *They Want Your Child!* Zoll has stated his belief that "Early in the conflict, the strategists of the Kremlin saw that the key to the future of America lies in the education given to America's children. AND SO THE INFILTRATION AND CONTROL OF AMERICAN EDUCATION BECAME COMMUNISM'S NUMBER ONE OBJECTIVE IN AMERICA." The Kremlin's success, according to Zoll, has been remarkable. "It can be safely asserted," he goes on to say, "that ninety per cent of texts and teaching in our schools today are in considerable measure sub-

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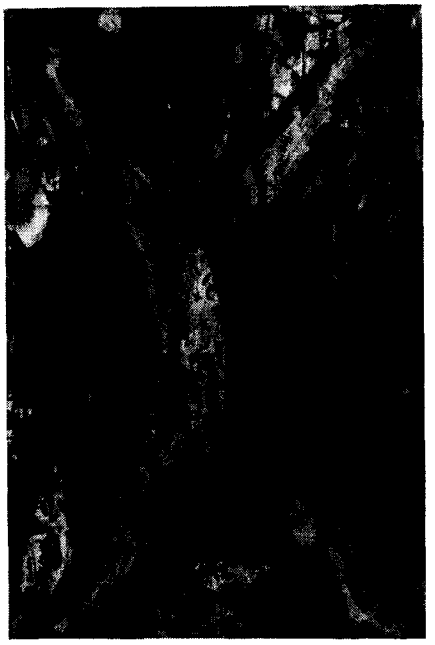
versive. . ." With the key to the future of America in the hands of subversives, Zoll feels that the only safe way to go is backward. In *Progressive Education Increases Delinquency,* a pamphlet that was used with telling effect against Willard Goslin in Pasadena, Zoll acknowledges his preference for the educational practices of the nineteenth century: ". . . it is perfectly evident to any impartial and historically-minded investigator," writes the Internationally Known Sales Consultant, "that the level of public intelligence a hundred years ago was very materially higher than the level of public intelligence today."

'Masked Approach'

It goes without saying that Zoll stands foursquare against Federal aid to education, a program whose very name he usually holds off at a distance from himself with antiseptic quotation marks. "Of course not everybody who argues for 'Federal Aid' is a Communist," he writes, making full use of the currently popular rhetorical device of implying a lot by conceding a little. Those advocates of Federal aid to education who "abhor Communism, or think they do," are contributing to what Zoll has called "the Communist MASKED APPROACH." Zoll dreads the changes that Federal aid might bring about in "exactly those areas (mostly in the Southern and border states) in which the substance of American education has been least affected. . ."

Zoll's defense of what other authorities tend to call low standards in public education is set forth with equal vigor in some of the other pamphlets put out by the National Council for American Education. The titles give a pretty fair idea as to the contents: *Must American Youth Be Taught That Communism and Socialism are Superior to Americanism?; Private Schools: The Solution to America's Educational Problem;* and one which is not directly to the point but which fits in with Zoll's generally dour outlook, *Should Americans Be Against World Government?* ("How unutterably silly it is," Zoll writes, "to expect far-flung groups, with no common denominator except being members of the human race, to dwell as one happy family in this One World chimera.") Zoll is also against flying the U.N. flag over school buildings.



Although Zoll is indignant about some of the "raps" he has been receiving from other educational groups recently, he is not entirely dissatisfied with the work his council has accomplished. "Everywhere, from every part of the country, reports come in of activities commencing, or steps being taken, or results already accomplished," declared the February issue of his newsletter, the *Educational Guardian.*

Progress

Zoll's idea of progress is curious. "Even big cities are securing action," the *Educational Guardian* boasts. "Not long ago Harold E. Moore, superintendent of schools in Kansas City, was fired. . . . Willard E. Goslin's resignation as superintendent of schools in Pasadena was 'demanded.' Also the superintendent of schools in Minneapolis (Goslin's successor there) resigned before the term of his contract was completed. Superintendents in numbers of smaller cities have resigned or been let out because of conflicts with their school boards."

Once again, in the April issue of the *Educational Guardian,* Zoll had a chance to gloat. "As you probably saw in the papers some weeks ago, Dr. Kirtley Mather, Harvard professor, was barred from speaking at an 'interfaith brotherhood banquet' at Syracuse University. You may not have known, however, that it was an active NCAE member who got him barred. . ." The report on Mather, which concedes that "we do not believe he is a Communist at all," concludes that it was a good idea to nail "one of the world's leading geologists" for "chummily associating with Communists." The documentation of Mather's improper associations came from one of the most popular items on Zoll's list of publications, "*Red*-ucators at Harvard University," which lists among other offenders Zechariah Chafee, Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, William Ernest Hocking, Ralph Barton Perry, Roscoe Pound, and James Bryant Conant.

Zoll himself, who has chummily associated with Gerald L. K. Smith, Upton Close, and Merwin K. Hart, is apparently well pleased with the friends he has chosen. In the June issue of the *Educational Guardian,* Zoll offered encouragement to another chum who has recently been in trouble: "Dr. [Edward] Rumely, courageous secretary of the Committee for Constitutional Government (which Winchell and his ilk call 'hate spreading') was fined $1000 for contempt of Congress. . . . The 'offense' of which he was guilty was refusing to give the notorious Buchanan Committee his list of literature purchasers. He should be cited for his courage and his Americanism."

" 'Saving the country' is at best a hard, thankless, heartbreaking job," Zoll's *Educational Guardian* remarked not long ago. "The only thing that recompenses one for the endless work, the smears, the vituperation, the heartaches, is the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing his best, and the thanks and encouragement of a few patriotic, informed Americans. . ." Zoll's listing of the faithful band would presumably include not only Smith, Close, Hart, and Rumely but also Joseph Kamp, for whose Constitutional Education League Zoll solicited funds at one time. Zoll was able to make a pretty good thing of his association with Kamp, and perhaps it was then that he first heard the call to strike out on his own and devote himself full time to purifying American education. He had displayed no extraordinary interest in educational problems before that.

"I don't believe he gives a damn for any of this stuff he takes up, including Americanism," a man who once had a legitimate but short-lived business contact with Zoll has remarked. "The only thing he cares about is Allen Zoll."

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On Robert Flaherty

The artistic vision of the film genius is sadly missed 'in the sick and close-eyed days which now attend us'

JOHN GRIERSON

I FIRST met Robert Flaherty around 1925. He had just come back from British Samoa with *Moana,* and he was having the difficulties he was always to have in the last stages of production. In this case it was Paramount that did not see it his way. There was talk of a grass-skirted dancing troupe at the Rialto on Broadway and a marquee offering of *The Love Life of a South Sea Siren.*

I was doing an extra column at the time for the New York *Sun,* in which I was supposed to be a bit more highbrow than Cohen, the ranking film editor, and the sort of odd body who looked after the lost causes, including, as I remember, most of the people who happened to be good. I took Flaherty's case like a sort of critical attorney. Off and on, and not without the strains and stresses that go with such a relationship, I have been his critical attorney ever since.

Born to Be Troubled

He was at times as difficult with his admirers as he was with his commercial collaborators. Yet I will say in the end that, not in spite of but because of all difficulty, he was a great man to know. His troubles came out of the very special sense he had of a man's relationship with his art: out of his deep inner revolt against all the conditions which modern life was imposing on the artist—not least so in the complicated and expensive world of film making. He, so to speak, carried with him always the burden of the individual and personal artist in a world —and a medium—growing ever more

Magnum

impersonal. He hankered after, and often bulldozed his way to getting, a species of freedom—with art, with money—that only the anarchists any more allowed for in their theories. In all, and never frivolously, he was born to be troubled.

Yet the crazy thing about Flaherty was that he could never see the logic of his role or why it should always be painful. He was a conservative who deplored the implication of being actually a revolutionary. It was a pity that inevitably, on this paradox, he could never meet his brethren; for he was an enormously friendly man and you might almost say built in physique and heart for friendship. He was big, wide-shouldered, and handsome, with the sort of face and forehead you carve a hundred feet high on rocks. He had the blue, clear eyes of the sailor and the explorer. With it all went a sort of boyish innocence of expression, and enjoyment that invested his hospitality with a spontaneity and his conversation with an inquiring eagerness which made him one of the richest men to knock around with in a generation. It is curious now to think that while his films reflected all his innate grace and gentleness of taste, not one of them ever reflected his uproarious power of drinking joyfully into the night, or his quite unusual command over narrative on these more ebullient occasions. For he was a story teller in a million.

The British Influence

The fact was that Flaherty had not been brought up in the metropolitan world in which he was finally compelled to operate. He was born in Michigan of an Irish father and a German mother, but went to school and grew up in Canada. By and large, the best part of his life was spent so close to the far frontiers of Britain's Empire that he absorbed unconsciously, not the technological traditions of the United States, but the Victorian, or at the latest Edwardian, traditions of a nation and a period in which the highly personal command over far places

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and the paternal privilege over distant peoples went with a precise sense of the graces that wealth could bring to the personal life.

It was a world in which, at the least, no one ever grew sick for the lack of leisure or of understanding how to use it. Indeed, Flaherty was a lost soul in the United States, save perhaps in the near-English atmosphere of the Coffee House Club; and he was never more comfortable in London than in the red-plush marble-tabled Café Royal, which the exquisites of the mauve decade had left behind.

How deeply and how often I had to come up against the problem he created in our very different midst; for one came to adopt an almost passionate care in preserving this lost child of the arts in his once fashionable illusions. This exponent of real life had, it seemed, to be preserved from even the proximity of reality; and no one could be more damnably hurt by the differing viewpoint which brought in for him a world he could not accept and could not live in.

I think it true to say that Flaherty lived for two years in Samoa in genuine illusion that he was near to the earthly paradise; yet six months after he left, a commission from New Zealand was sent to clear up a situation on the islands that was, to say the least, not exactly salubrious. Similarly, the Men of Aran turned out to be not just simple innocents against the sea, but tough and even sophisticated characters—alongside Flaherty—with an excellent sense of their worth and in one or two cases an intimate working knowledge of his own America which he would never learn in a lifetime. When he made *Industrial Britain* with me, his flair for the old crafts and the old craftsmen was superb, and there will never be shooting of that kind to compare with it; but he simply could not pass to the conception of those other species of craftsmanship which go with modern industry and modern organization.

American Medici

Yes, in one film he did face up to the modern facts of life, but only, I think, after the hard schooling of six years with us in England. He returned in 1939 to America to make *The Land* with Pare Lorentz. The spirit of F.D.R. was over the nation, but, more particularly, there was in the White House a régime of personal patronage of the arts that had something of the flavor—strange and finally distasteful in America—of the Medici. Even at a distance, Flaherty had found the squirearchic environment to which he was attuned. I never knew a man more excited; from all over the continent and at all hours he would telephone to tell an old radical like myself how—and you would think it was for the first time on earth—he had discovered this poverty and that. The little Negro boy shelling peas in his sleep was a moment in Flaherty's education like the bursting of a bomb; and with it went the first fine careless rapture—surely unique for an American in 1939—of discovering the efficacy of the machine.

Among other things, it was his quite personal discovery that it could do away with poverty. He told me so himself on a famous occasion. We had as usual dined well. Perhaps I was slower in sympathy than I should have been; perhaps I had heard it before somewhere; perhaps I had lived through some of the disillusionment of the original Industrial Revolution on my own Clydeside. I did no more than grin, but the old boy caught, as ever, the red light of a world to be thought out as he natively hated to think it out. Here he was in his big rich liberal moment, and still I seemed to be telling him that things did not happen thataway. He was on his feet in anger, his fists in the air—and with those shoulders of his he could in his earlier days look as big and wide as a sort of handsome blond gorilla: "My God, John, you don't realize it, but some people starve in this world." I rose to it but did not compete with the man against the sky. "That's what I've been trying to tell you, you old baron, for twenty years."

I forget how long this particular silence lasted, but it was happily not as long as the one after *Man of Aran*, when that enthusiastic American, Alistair Cooke, on the BBC, compared our theories of documentary to Bob's disadvantage.

I think the issue over *Man of Aran* best describes all that was best, as well as all that was, to other minds, limited in Flaherty's art. I personally regard him as one of the five great innovators in the history of film. I think that with him go Méliés, the first of the movie magicians; D. W. Griffith for developing the strictly movie terms in which a drama could be unfolded; Sennett for transferring comedy from the limited space and conventional props of circus and vaudeville to the infinite variety of the world about; and Eisenstein for his study of organized mass and movement and his great sense of the films' potential in both physical and mental impact. Flaherty, great personal story teller as he was, did not especially think of film as a way of telling a story, developing a drama, or creating an impact, either physical or mental. For him, the camera was veritably a wonder eye, to see with more remarkably than one ordinarily saw.

Revelation in Rushes

It never really occurred to him that a shot should be foreseen, and when we came later, because of the expense of the thing, to work out everything beforehand as best we could, there was something in Flaherty that instinctively revolted. Some have said it was indolence, or disorder, or even a will to waste in him, but I will say it was

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nothing of the kind. For Flaherty, it wasn't what he saw or thought he saw which was important, but what the camera revealed to him.

Whence the infinite and infinitely patient experiments with movement; whence, incidentally, his pioneering work—not nearly sufficiently recognized—with panchromatic film, with filters, with telescopic lenses, with keys in black and white to make a graciousness of grays, with shooting at hours of the day, and under conditions of light, that the orthodox discarded. No one ever, or so significantly, studied his rushes so closely. Rushes were not the result for Flaherty, but the beginning: the moment of revelation. Expensive? Yes, it was. But the reason for it was as I have said, not otherwise. If paper had been as expensive as film, they would have said the same of Flaubert.

The Camera as a Pen

On one level the camera was for Flaherty an extraordinarily convenient way of recording one's reminiscences; and reminiscences meant for him what they once meant for Boswell: the test of a man's penetration and of his capacity for life. It meant, moreover, an extension of horizons for everyone, the backwall of the proscenium out and a window on the world. He loved to emphasize the mobility of the camera, and he was, to the end, a man impatient and even angry with the great heavy contraptions which not only needed a team of men to handle them but put half a dozen other pairs of eyes between Flaherty and the object.

It was with a hand camera, the Newman Sinclair, that all his work was associated. With this lightweight affair, one had the notion of a camera as a

highly personal instrument, like a pen or a brush; and in nothing did Flaherty depart so considerably and perhaps importantly from the studio conception. Take this personal contact away, for whatever purpose and by whatever means, and Flaherty was lost, as he was on *Elephant Boy, Tabu,* and *White Shadows.* "My God," he would say of *White Shadows,* "you should have seen them on their knees, in the South Sea Islands, trying to tune in the Coconut Grove."

It may not seem so on what I have said, but, behind the explorative and modest and near-mystical belief in the camera's power of sight, there was, of course, a basic pattern in his observation. His long early years in the Far North had given him a special affection for primitive peoples and an intimacy with nature and man in his relationship with nature which showed always in his clear blue eyes, and, in the pinches of more complex argument, never left him.

His first instinctive revolt against movies—and I think nearly all movies —was that the story was imposed on the background and did not come from within. He was shocked when Hollywood, following up *Nanook,* made a film on the Arctic with a phony Eskimo girl and a love story that had nothing to do with the Eskimo's normal and very proper appreciation of polygamy. Flaherty was no theorist and tended, like so many, to fit the theories afterward to the facts. He faked a bit like all of us, and a little more so after they whipped him in Hollywood with the charge that he had no sense of box office, but he had a genuine passion for the genuine.

God as Artist

When he talked of the difference between a hunter throwing a spear and John Barrymore impaling a rubber shark with his profile, he had something which the camera, if no one else, understood with him. When he discoursed, after reading my piece on the subject, on the "movement of craftsmen and priests that time had worn smooth," be sure it was not I that had done the shooting to deserve the theory but Bob himself who was the only begetter. He was too dramatically precise for his day when Nanook didn't make any fuss at all as he came out of the blizzard and found the shelter of

his igloo, or when everyone, more or less, had a pleasant Polynesian Sunday afternoon flaying poor Moana in the big tattoo. He stayed where people were, and if he did not impose greatly upon them, except to gentle everything he saw of them, it was again, as with the camera, in the modesty that forever the Almighty was a considerable artist and that you had only to look on His works, under and under, and you couldn't miss.

It is a point of view shared by Wordsworth in some of the best, as well as in some of the most naïve, of his works. It is a point of view shared at the present time by many of the younger colonial peoples, and you could pick it up easily in Canada, for example. It is not exactly fashionable these days among European artists and metropolitans generally, but this is to be said for it. Flaherty returned us to the origins of all observation: where the seasons are, where flowers not only grow but are worn in the hair; where people take, or fight for, the fruits of the earth, and dine well and pour a ceremonial libation on the ground to the gods and dance in thanksgiving; where the difference between a man and an animal of the wild is only one of degree; where storms come and go and are merely a great spectacle in their passing, and children are forever the assurance that time is timeless, and the horizon, finally, without too much pain.

Perhaps he was over in love with the merely decorative, and nothing on earth, for example, would keep him from putting his most staggering shots at the opening of his films. He made it possible for the less sympathetic to say of him that it was all packed away at

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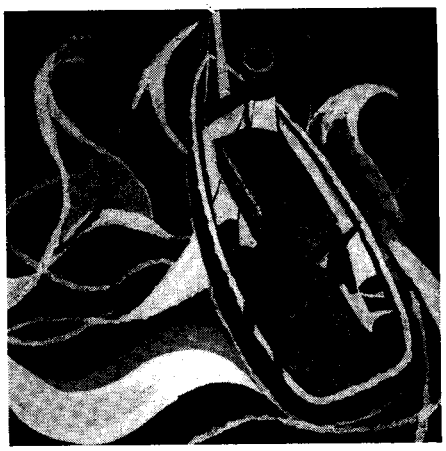

the beginning, with nothing thereafter deeply to emerge. But something there always was, even if it did not come in the classical cathartic terms. He thought, for instance, that the opening of a flower was a sufficiently dramatic sequence in itself; but he was in fact better than that. The day fulfilled itself to the last shadow; people rested after the burden of the day; there was always a nice sense of the world tucking its head under its wing for an inevitable sunrise.

The Children

The child motif was constant. The boys in *Moana, Aran, Elephant Boy,* and *Louisiana Story,* the bullfighting boy, whom Orson Welles took over, and the Hudson Bay and coal-mining boys he never made represented an essential to him. Some chose to say it was the boy Flaherty that never grew up, the admiring son of a remarkable father, or again that it was the son Flaherty never had. I choose to think that this child forever growing up, affectionate but always a little detached from his elders, finding his own solitary contact with birds, beasts, and trees, fishing from cliffs, capturing alligators, taming raccoons, riding elephants, and paddling canoes, gave Flaherty a path to expressing a detachment from the world and a sense of innocence among the tumbling facts of life which he personally craved.

On one occasion, he talked of "the poignancy of the horizon," and perhaps it was the same thought in him. It was after *Aran.* He had felt bitterly the implied criticism of his friends that he had idealized this tough world of tough men and lost the reality of a landlord-ridden poverty to decorative horizons and artificial issues with basking—and very harmless—sharks. "Isn't the horizon a larger reality?" he protested. And "Why do they always want to make things shabby with their poverty, poverty, poverty?" Like Wilde, he hated the grotesque and deformed, objected to the thundering noise of *March of Time;* and I suspect that the Russian films—Dovshenko's *Earth* always excepted—troubled him more than he confessed. But this only means that he was a faithful disciple of Rousseau or, better still, that he was a Pre-Raphaelite beyond his time. He sought beauty as passionately as any, but it was not of his origin, his nature, or his habit to find it in the gutter. There the critical world split with Flaherty and not without a certain sadness; for it was those who denied him most who had learned most from him and were the first to acknowledge it.

The Propagandists

Picture, however, the forces that were impinging on film making in the 1920's. It was by and large a liberal world, with democracy everywhere on the move. Here was Flaherty pointing a way to the extended observation of mankind: proposing, in effect, an art which could match in its sweep not only the speeding interrelations of peoples but men's conscience in regard to them. Here too were other voices—from Russia, Germany, and England especially—saying with equal validity: "Ware the ends of the earth and the exotic: the drama is on your doorstep wherever the slums are, wherever there is malnutrition, wherever there is exploitation and cruelty." "You keep your savages in the far places, Bob; we are going after the savages of Birmingham," I think I said to him pretty early on. And we did.

In doing so, we aligned ourselves in many ways more closely with the Russian method than to Flaherty's. We borrowed from him his emphasis on the spontaneous; and something of his affection for seeing for seeing's sake crept into much of our work. But the Trotsky theory that art is "not a mirror held up to nature, but a hammer shaping it," and John Stuart Mill's injunction that it is "in the hands of the artist that the truth becomes a living principle of action," drove us to a certain deliberation of effort which Flaherty natively deplored. We were propagandists, not just discovering the dramatic patterns of "actuality" in a vacuum, but of deliberation, bringing the working man to the screen, revealing the social relationships inevitable in a technological society, demonstrating the follies of poverty in a world of plenty, and so on and so on.

Riders of the Tide

Inevitably we were taken up by governments and powers and became one of the instruments of public education, public management, and—in the days of greater crises—of public persuasion, exhortation, and command. Flaherty watched it all with a sense of bewilderment and no wonder; for, in fact, this other documentary school had correctly estimated its relationship with up-and-coming social democracy and was riding in on the tide. Sir Stafford Cripps put it generously—but it may be with a modicum of justice—when he said later that nothing made the new social-reform Government so certain in Britain as the work of the documentary film people in making the patterns of social justice patent to everyone.

For myself, I think the bombings helped not a little; but the point to make is that we had taken Flaherty's documentary film away from its more contemplative origins. "I don't like this business of looking at people as though they were in a goldfish bowl," said one early exponent of the different view. So he went down to the East End slums of London, got to know the people pretty intimately, set up his camera and his microphone, and invited the people to "take over the screen: it's yours."

The result was the remarkable

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Housing Problems, which revolutionized film approaches. Its maker, incidentally, was Flaherty's own pet pupil, John Taylor.

Flaherty made a handful of lovely films, all with enormous difficulty both in finance and collaboration. The documentary people who went the other way got financed by the million, established educational and propaganda services for governments all over the world, and made themselves films by the thousand. And yet and yet . . . I look it all today and think with the gentler half of my head that Flaherty's path was right and the other wrong.

The new way became as easy and complacent as Flaherty's grew more difficult and finally distressing. In the ardent pursuit of good works, there has been overmuch accommodation to expediency. The film people have learned to be diplomats, politicians, administrators, fixers. They have got so overinvolved with technique and technicians that you would hardly know the glossy, chromium-plated, overweighted contraptions of a documentary unit today from the Hollywood setup from which Flaherty revolted. Till recently, a great number have been all too comfortable in the secure jobs and the inevitably repetitious formulas which safety breeds. One might almost say that the heads got fat.

The Lighthouse

Be sure something has been lost in the process. I miss the poetry, as I miss the personal fervor of the original inspiration. I shall say it in short by saying that I miss Flaherty. I figured it more practically than he did, but have little comfort in the world I figured with so much, as they barrenly put it, "political correctness."

I would not today take issue with Flaherty so hopefully and confidently as once I did. The old boy was like a lighthouse; not much to do with the comings and goings of the people on land, but much to do with more abstruse journeys of sailors. There is a fundamental in art which is greatly concerned with such. Perhaps Flaherty's "poignancy of the horizon," like Leopardi's *Ode to the Moon,* comes as close as anything to expressing what most we are missing in the sick and close-eyed days which now attend us.

The General Nobody Knows

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

MELVILLE GOODWIN, USA. By John P. Marquand. *Little, Brown, $3.75.*

GENERALS are all over the place in these days. Some of them take presents from manufacturers; some are politicians, but some are fighting in Korea; some act in the field of highest world policy. We know about them because they are in the newspapers. But there are generals about whom we know less because they are not on public view. They fought the First World War or the Second, or both, but they have not written books; they make no speeches. They will lead our troops if there is a war. Here is an imagined general who stands for the best of them.

'Follow Me'

Fresh from West Point, Second Lieutenant Melville A. Goodwin found himself at the front before he knew it, with the Germans retreating, but with some brave and expendable German machine gunners locally holding up the American advance. There were two German machine guns and Lieutenant Goodwin said "Follow me," but only a sergeant and one private followed him; the private was killed but the sergeant was not killed, and so when Lieutenant Goodwin stood retching against a tree after having wiped out both machine-gun nests with two hand grenades, the sergeant was there to say to the colonel, "No crapping, Sir, the lieutenant got the both of them." The colonel asked the major what the lieutenant's name was, and the major had forgotten it but he said it ought to be Frank Merriwell, and the French liaison officer asked: "Who is it, this Frank Merriwell?" and the major laughed and said: "He's an American folk hero." That was in the First World War somewhere in the Château-Thierry salient.

The Parade

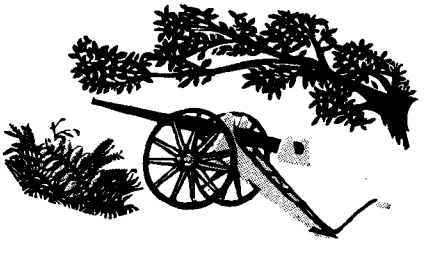
When Mel Goodwin was a little boy in Hallowell, New Hampshire, he rode the open trolley car to Nashua to see the Decoration Day parade. In Nashua the militia marched out of step; the band was not a real military band; but it was the first time Melville had even seen men marching no matter how they marched, or the colors on parade. When he got back to Hallowell he went to the Rowell Memorial Library: "He had never been in the library before. He walked timidly to the children's shelf, and in this manner he encountered *Under Otis in the Philippines* by Edward Stratemeyer and the rest of the "Old Glory" series and also *Bob Raeburn at West Point.*

"'Can I sit here and read one now?'" he asked.

"'Why, yes indeed,'" Miss Fallon said.

"She did not know that she was talking to General Melville A. Goodwin or that she was directing his first steps on the road to war."

So that there was something in the Frank Merriwell joke after all. The



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French liaison officer could not get the reference, of course; Americans can get it easily enough, but most of us would be inclined to say that it could be made about any brave and very new second lieutenant in the First World War, or in the Second, or in Korea, or about any young man in any war at any time, but that when an officer had gone through a couple of wars and had fought not only at Château-Thierry but at Kasserine Pass, at Paestum, and in Normandy, he would not be likely to remain very much of a Frank Merriwell type. He would be soured, one would imagine, or he would look at war as routine, or, if a fictional character, would be noble, drunk, and self-pitying with his little Italian countess making love play in Hemingway's gondola, or he might even be like the sadist about whom Norman Mailer complained so drearily and for so long. No officer who had been through West Point and a couple of wars—and the long dull periods at army posts in between them—would still be thinking with entire simplicity in terms of devotion to duty, troops, and Old Glory.

Generalized General

It is easy and fashionable to write novels about generals who are stinkers or stupid or butchers, and for that reason John Marquand's book is bravely written. In the novel, Marquand's general has been telling his whole life to a man from a news magazine who is writing a cover story about him, and it certainly takes courage these days for an author to permit the narrator in his book to make the naïve comment which follows: "There was something behind all that Melville Goodwin had said that was dedicated and magnificent and undemanding of justification. Perhaps a psychiatrist would call it immaturity, but whatever the attribute was, it had its own splendor." That sort of thing goes down when you are writing a piece about a live general, or a funeral oration for a real general who has died, but it certainly is surprising to find in a novel where you do not have to be polite.

Marquand has written a whole long novel to pick an American general to pieces and then show that the pieces are those that a hero needs to have. He actually uses the word "hero"—several times. And Marquand sticks his neck out even further: He says that his general is not an exceptional and odd character that he has dreamed up in order to be an eccentric author writing with decency and respect about an officer of the Regular Army; he maintains that West Point and the Regular Army tend to create many such men and that they are valuable to the world.

Why They Fight

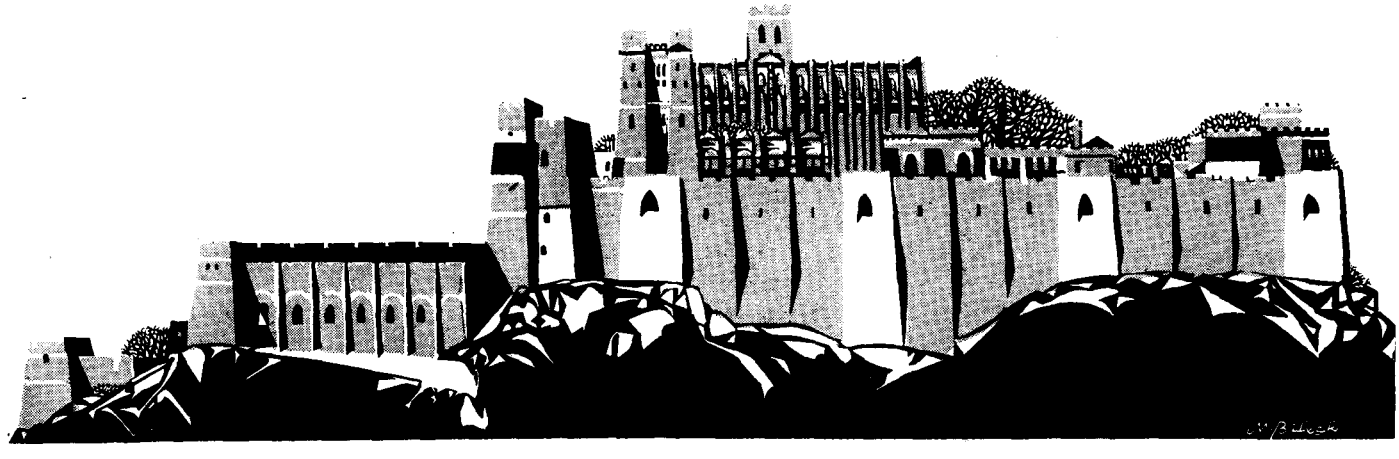
But these generals, Marquand says, live in a world of their own: "No outsider could ever understand the drives of the armed services, any more than he could comprehend those of a dedicated monastic priest." This sentence, of course, can be turned around: The training, the dedication, the specialization that set the generals apart, the close companionship, the loyalties, nothing in their lives prepares them to understand the drives of a civilian world in which they feel alien. They are molded by West Point—and that is only the beginning of a long education aimed fundamentally at a single purpose.

The narrator wonders what his little girl thinks of the general when she meets him: "I could not tell Camilla that he was a resultant of a disturbed political order or one of those people you had to maintain as an insurance against dangerous contingencies. 'He's a man who tells soldiers what to do,' I said." Marquand's general knows exactly how to tell soldiers what to do; he understands them; he can lead them; they like him. "Son, I can handle a division," he says, "the way a chauffeur drives a car, and I could do the same with a corps, and now I've got to forget it. I don't want to sit around waiting for another war." It is not at all that the general wants the world to go to war so that he can be entirely happy. He would be content enough running his men and his tanks across the peaceful American landscape, demanding loyalty from the bottom up and giving his own loyalty to all he commanded. He would be content to keep his hand in, as an athlete keeps in training between competitions.

But what this general cannot do is think of anything whatsoever beyond the realm of strictly military affairs. Nowhere in the course of the novel does he ever say a word that would indicate the faintest interest in knowing why he and his soldiers fought or may have to fight again, or for what purposes anyone ever fights except for the obvious purpose, victory.

How to Say 'Sir'

The best generals, one feels after reading Marquand, must be like his General Goodwin, and one feels that there must be quite a few of them, too—more than Marquand's novelist colleagues have led their readers to suppose. And so, if ever we meet a general again we might even say "Sir" to him with something more than mere politeness.



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New York's Gallivanting Mayors

Impellitteri's current jaunt to Italy seems pretty tame compared with Jimmy Walker's pilgrimage to his birthplace

ALLEN RAYMOND

I SEE by the papers that Mayor Vincent Impellitteri of New York has taken his wife and a few friends on a four-week tour of Italy, the land of his ancestors. Things in New York have changed in many ways since the lush and extravagant days of the roaring 1920's, when Jimmy Walker dubbed himself the "night mayor" and took his pleasures at the expense of the taxpayers in a high, wide, and handsome manner. But New York's mayors still seem to love to go on long vacations overseas.

This latest mayor, however, can never hope to rival Jimmy Walker as a lighthearted ambassador of good will when he tours abroad while leaving plenty of municipal problems unsolved at home. Jimmy could turn his back on just as many problems and travel more spectacularly. The best thing, perhaps, that one can say of Mayor Impellitteri's junket to Italy is that it appears in the best Walkerian tradition, and that the little architectural gem called City Hall, which has housed so many rococo characters, will get along just as well in his absence.

Sentimental Journey

The reason Impellitteri's journey moves me to a state of nostalgia is that it was my privilege, away back in 1927 as a newspaper reporter, to accompany Mayor James J. Walker and his retinue from Southampton, England, to Ireland when Jimmy went there to visit his father's birthplace in a little village called Castlecomer, in the Irish hills not far from Kilkenny.

In those days America was reveling in a dream of a chicken in every pot for everyone, and two cars in every garage. At the showmanship part of the mayoralty business, which then included welcoming Channel swimmers

and handing out illuminated scrolls to distinguished visitors in Manhattan, Jimmy was perfect.

When Jimmy Walker visited Ireland he carried a couple of his Tammany commissioners with him, and an expert scroll writer named Hector Fuller; a wife from whom he was soon to be separated by divorce; and a companion to keep her amused. The companion was the niece of a United States Senator.

The Expedition's Equipment

All the male members of Jimmy's party had dress-up regalia. When they were due to stroll down O'Connell Street in Dublin, for instance—which used to be Sackville Street before the Irish took it over and painted all the red mailboxes green—they would put on their braided cutaway coats, striped trousers, gray spats, and plug hats, and, picking up their Malacca walking sticks, would sally out along the Celtic boulevard in a way to make every head turn.

Heads turn? One Sunday afternoon in Dublin, after one of many excellent luncheons, just when the crowds were pouring out of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and everything was set just right for the full impact of Irish-American good will, Jimmy and his two commissioners staged a jaunting-car race along O'Connell Street. They put the drivers of the jaunting cars in the passengers' seats, and in true Democratic fashion drove the horses over the cobblestones themselves, winding up all breathless and disheveled at the front door of the Gresham Hotel.

Ah! Dublin was a grand town then, and is today, I hope. For Mayor Jimmy Walker and his party, down to the humblest camp follower, it was filled with good meals at the Mansion House, and at the American Minister's residence in Phoenix Park, only a cobblestone's throw away from the Viceregal Lodge. Emerging all smiling and rosy from one of these functions, after toss-

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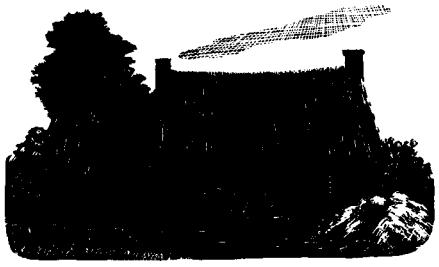

ing a few bon mots to the gathering, Jimmy gave forth with one of his much-quoted wisecracks: "Best luncheon I ever drank."

Hegira to the Hinterland

But filial piety led Walker one day to conduct his retinue to Castlecomer, where his father was born. For the journey the mayor selected a big open Rolls-Royce as long as from here to there, and an equally capacious Renault limousine. Both were driven by chauffeurs in livery. With well-iced, bottle-filled tubs in the tonneaux and with plug hats rakishly tilted, the city fathers of New York took off for the Hibernian hinterland safe from thirst.

Now the back country of Ireland in those days was different from what it is today. That was before the Shannon Power Development gave the land electric lights. About the only places to which a laboring man then might turn for solace after his honest toil were the taproom and the mattress. There were, praise be, no movie houses and no radios. Castlecomer, as a back-country hamlet, was shockingly poor. It was pretty dark by night. It had quite as great poverty in it as Impellitteri can find in southern Italy. The soil of Ireland was overtilled, and the birth rate was amazing.

But poor as it was, that little village gave Mayor Walker of New York a reception from its very heart. The village consisted of a small cobblestone square, with two-story tenements surrounding it and a few stunted dusty yew trees to ornament it. There was a big church at the head of the square and a stone cross in front of it. On the right of the church was the village gin mill and on the left a branch of the Bank of Ireland. Jimmy Walker's father had been born in an attic over the Bank of Ireland's branch.

The Music Was Simply Grand

As the mayor's big Rolls swung over the hill and descended into the village, followed by two cars bringing reporters and cameramen, the barracks-like homes erupted with barefoot children. There actually didn't seem to be more than a few pair of children's shoes in the entire village, and evidently there was a great scarcity of soap, for the kids were as grimy a lot as one might imagine, and ragged also—since clothes were not plentiful. Even the village band, which had assembled to welcome the distinguished visitors, was a tatterdemalion outfit, with a couple of battered cornets and a drum, a couple of fifes and a violin.

But as Jimmy's autos moved into the village, the band struck up an appropriate strain, "Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen." Many years have passed since then, and I can hear it yet. Out in front of the band a village wit named O'Neil danced a jig all the way through a procession up to the head of the square, keeping time for the band with a blackthorn shillelagh.

At the head of the square, Mayor Walker, his commissioners, his pet scroll writer, and his wife and her friend were introduced to the rulers of the hamlet: the local squire, who was also the justice of the peace, and the village priest. Then Jimmy was taken to his father's birthplace, and went up into the attic a few minutes to be alone and pray. Several of his cousins still lived in that house.

The Mayor's Speech

I stayed below stairs while the mayor knelt up above with his memories of the past. In the dingy little corridor where I stood there was a picture of Mayor J. J. Walker. It was clipped from a New York newspaper and had been pinned to the wall. Beneath it on a tiny table was a faded bunch of field flowers. They had stood there for some time.

I noticed that the picture was clipped from the rotogravure section of the New York *Times,* and as I was then an employee of that newspaper this fact gave me a moment's pleasure. It showed the mayor at Atlantic City, perched on the Boardwalk, wearing a checkered cap, slim-waisted blue blazer, and some white flannel trousers—a very neat outfit and hardly at all too gaudy.

When the mayor came downstairs his face was grave. Someone brought him a kitchen chair and placed it out on the cobblestones in front of the house.

I can still remember several sentences from Jimmy Walker's speech, and the way his lips began to tremble and his face to twitch as he spoke them, and the glistening tear that ran down one side of his face in the middle of a very simple oration.

"All that I am, and all that I can ever hope to be, as mayor of that great City of New York, the greatest city in the world," he said, "I owe to my father, William Henry Walker, who was born here in this house. My father loved America as all the Irish who come to our country love her and are loyal to her and her institutions. It was his character and his intelligence and the life that he led in America that enabled his son to obtain the high office of the mayoralty of the City of New York.

"I want also here to pay tribute to my grandmother, Anastasia Muldowney. She left Ireland at the age of sixteen, an orphan, with Irish courage in her heart, with Irish innocence and sweetness in her eyes, and with Ireland's trust in God and America. America is the country where the greatest trait of Irish character, which is loyalty, can be seen at its best."

Getting down from his chair and brushing a light hand across the cheek that was tear-stained, he grinned impishly at this reporter and said: "It's the fact there's so many Irish in politics in New York that makes it so interesting."

All this was long ago, and I was young and happy and perhaps not knowledgeable then. Jimmy, of course, was not really loyal to the people who elected and loved him. One of the things I've learned since those days is that the mayors who have done the best by New York have stuck a little closer to City Hall than either Walker or this new one.

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Mrs. Van Winkle and the Planners

HONOR CROOME

The Reporter has in past issues carried numerous articles on the policies and problems of the British Labour Government. The following, which was written before the announcement of this month's General Election, is printed as one Englishwoman's view of her country's food problems.

ONCE UPON a time there was a London housewife who went to the butcher's and asked for three pounds of shin of beef and a pound of kidneys, for she had a large, hungry family and a hand with pastry even lighter than her purse, and a properly cooked steak-and-kidney pie is enough by itself to redeem the reputation of British cookery. So the housewife—we might call her Mrs. Van Winkle—went home and performed certain rites, and the result sang gloriously in the family's nostrils and settled comfortably in their stomachs and stuck satisfyingly to their ribs afterwards.

But all this was long ago. When Mrs. Van Winkle woke up last week, she had a lot to learn besides family news. There had been, she was told, a war. Also there was now a Socialist Government, which, unlike other less wise and virtuous Governments, had a Plan; a plan by which it had conquered unemployment and ensured Fair Shares for All. Mrs. Van Winkle felt that this called for a celebration; so she went, grasping the ration books which assured her her Fair Share, to see her butcher.

The Economist's Tale

Unfortunately the week's meat ration for the family had been eaten, all twenty-five cents' worth of it, for yesterday's dinner. After a painful scene, a magistrate's remand, and a medical report, it was decided that the only way to rehabilitate Mrs. Van Winkle as a well-integrated citizen of the Welfare State was to explain to her just why she mustn't expect, after having had twenty-five cents' worth of meat on Tuesday, to buy another twenty-five cents' worth on Wednesday. So a bright young economist who had kept his left ear open and his right ear shut through three years at the London School of Economics was detailed to educate Mrs. Van Winkle; and this is his story:

It all goes back to the war, he said, when we had to tell the farmers to grow grain and potatoes instead of raising cattle—you get much more food from each acre that way—and couldn't spare shipping for our usual overseas meat supplies, let alone to make up for the home-killed shortage. That clear? Of course, the meat we did have was rationed—we weren't going to get into the same mess as in the First World War.

Quite right too, assented Mrs. Van Winkle vigorously. *But the war's been over six years, they tell me.*

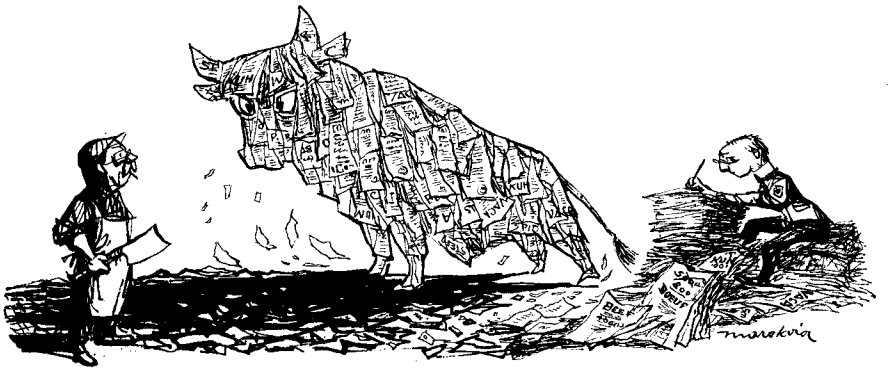
We still haven't as much meat, though. Ten per cent less than prewar, and population up six per cent. You see where that gets you. And it's fair shares, remember, instead of the rich first and the rest nowhere. *Why* haven't we got so much? Well, looking at the home side first, the farmers can't do everything, and we've decided that the most important thing to do is to produce plenty of milk.

Milk! said Mrs. Van Winkle. *Let me tell you, I was weaned fifty-four years ago.*

Ah, but all the dietitians agree that milk is almost the perfect food. They're experts, you know. The gentlemen from Whitehall know best. We could encourage farmers to switch to beef just by paying less for their milk—but that would never do. And we *could* get the same result by paying more for their meat, and maybe by speeding up payments—milk checks come in monthly, but beef takes two years to turn into cash. (Seeing a glazed look creeping into Mrs. Van Winkle's eye, he hurried on.) As for imported meat, we're getting as much as ever from Australia and New Zealand (here he hastily touched wood), but only about half as much from Argentina. If we paid the fancy figures the Argentines ask, you'd have to pay fancy figures too. And it isn't only the actual prices. They drag in other things—the rate of exchange between their money and ours, and what imports of ours they'll allow in, and what money they'll allow out . . . and then . . . there are certain people's private feelings. . . .

Sounds queer, said Mrs. Van Winkle. *What's all this about rates of exchange and private feelings got to do with it? What I mean is, we used to get on all right without them.*

Ah, but those were the bad old days of economic anarchy when private traders and speculators managed these things for their own profit. Nowadays we have orderly long-term contracts, decided by government representatives for the general benefit instead of by private greed. The producers know where they are, we know where we are, we can Plan Ahead—at least (he added in a burst of candor) that's the Theory. Trouble with the Argentines is they don't appreciate the beauty of these long-term contracts enough to give us better terms, as of



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course they should. And the personal angle—well, we got a pretty good contract five years ago, because a very nice-looking young man went over with the delegation, but another contract went sour because someone didn't look like getting a thick enough red carpet when she visited this country. . . .

Oh, snorted Mrs. Van Winkle. *Her. What's she got to do with my dinner? I'd like to——*

Yes, yes, I know, said the economist hastily. But that's how things are, and no Argentine beef came here during last fall and winter, and that's why you couldn't have a steak-and-kidney pie.

It sounds wrong, somehow, sighed Mrs. Van Winkle. *These foreigners! But what about Australia and New Zealand? I'd fancy a nice bit of Canterbury lamb—or even a scrag end of mutton. Irish stew. . . .*

Prices again. Australians and New Zealanders eat their own meat, and pay their farmers for it more than we can afford. And just now wool's fetching unheard-of prices, so farmers run on their lambs till they're ready to shear instead of slaughtering them, which slows things down. Prices, prices. You should be grateful, really. We're protecting you from having your pockets turned inside out. Why, if private traders had been handling things, there's no saying what they'd have let you in for by now. We've given you fair shares. What more do you want?

I'll tell you what I want, young man, said Mrs. Van Winkle wrathfully. *I want to settle for myself what I can afford and what I can't. I don't gad about to the cinema with a fag hanging out of my mouth all the time, like some. If they'd rather spend their hubbies' money on that than on good honest food, it's no affair of mine. And let me tell you, a bit more meat wouldn't cost me so much, even if the price went up by a half or more, as the fancy bits I have to buy now to fill up on. Skinny rabbits, and made-up pies which Heaven knows what's in them, and fish, one and ten a pound for frozen cod the cat looks twice at, how much of all that goes to make a square meal? You answer me that! You stand out of my light and I'll tell the butcher fast enough if his meat's too dear for me, and he can tell whoever he gets it from, and they can tell the Argentines and anyone else.*

They'll listen all right then. I'm sorry I broke the butcher's window, for I see now it isn't his fault. But as for you and the gentlemen from Whitehall. . . .

The remainder of Mrs. Van Winkle's remarks is best omitted.

Short Heave vs. Long Haul

There was a case for government trading—once; and for rationing, and for the food subsidies. In war, food is a weapon and food procurement a branch of strategy, properly to be handled by supreme authority—and capable of being so handled very efficiently, given the bottleneck of shipping shortage. Hence bulk purchase. In a siege economy, personal choice and long-run incentives are alike insignificant beside the overriding need to keep everyone fed somehow till victory is won. Hence rationing. When war and its immediate aftermath are sending food prices sky high, subsidies can keep those prices from getting fixed via the wage claims they justify, in the country's cost structure; and can be withdrawn, once the crisis is over, far more easily than that cost structure could be deflated.

Let the "temporary shortage" reveal itself as a long-term change in the relative prices of food and industrial products, and the subsidy becomes a fiscal nightmare facing every team of negotiators with the paralyzing alternative of consistently underbidding the world market or consistently mortgaging next year's budget. Let this year's bulk-purchase price be fixed too low and the agreement is empty; hardly an egg, for instance, has reached Britain from Holland under the deal concluded twenty-odd months ago.

Britain's negotiations with Argentina in 1950 afford the classical example of what happens when the buying country misjudges the market. In early summer, 1950, Argentina was willing to accept as a basis of negotiations a price of 140 pounds a ton. Britain countered this proposal with an offer of 90 pounds a ton, on the hunch that 1950-1951 would see a downturn in world food prices. (South Korea had already been invaded when this judgment was formed.) The Argentine government regarded this bid as an insult, said so, and stopped shipments. By March, 1951, it had become obvious that with delayed shipments from Australia and a complete tie-up in strike-bound New Zealand, only an Argentine agreement could save the ration from virtually disappearing by July; accordingly an agreement was signed in April, under which Britain gave way at most points. Taking all concessions together, the real price now payable works out at an average of 130 pounds a ton.

Distorted Prices

Nor need one invoke the comic-opera Argentine atmosphere to account for the ill feeling generated by government trade. The southern Dominions traditionally overflow with good will toward the mother country; but food contracts have tested that good will sorely. The Canadian farmers who in wartime painstakingly built up bacon production for Britain's benefit, only to have the door of the British market slammed in their faces, hold views unfit for polite expression.

"Fair shares," therefore, means, where meat is concerned, shares at a level entirely unrelated to the real choice of consumers, whose desires or whose "resistance" are alike carefully insulated from the world market.

Even were the present Government replaced, a reversal of policy would not be easy. Enmeshed in existing contracts, faced by bulk selling organizations called into existence by bulk buying itself, uncomfortably conscious of several million household budgets adapted over the years to an artificially low price structure, any Administration might boggle at a clean sweep.

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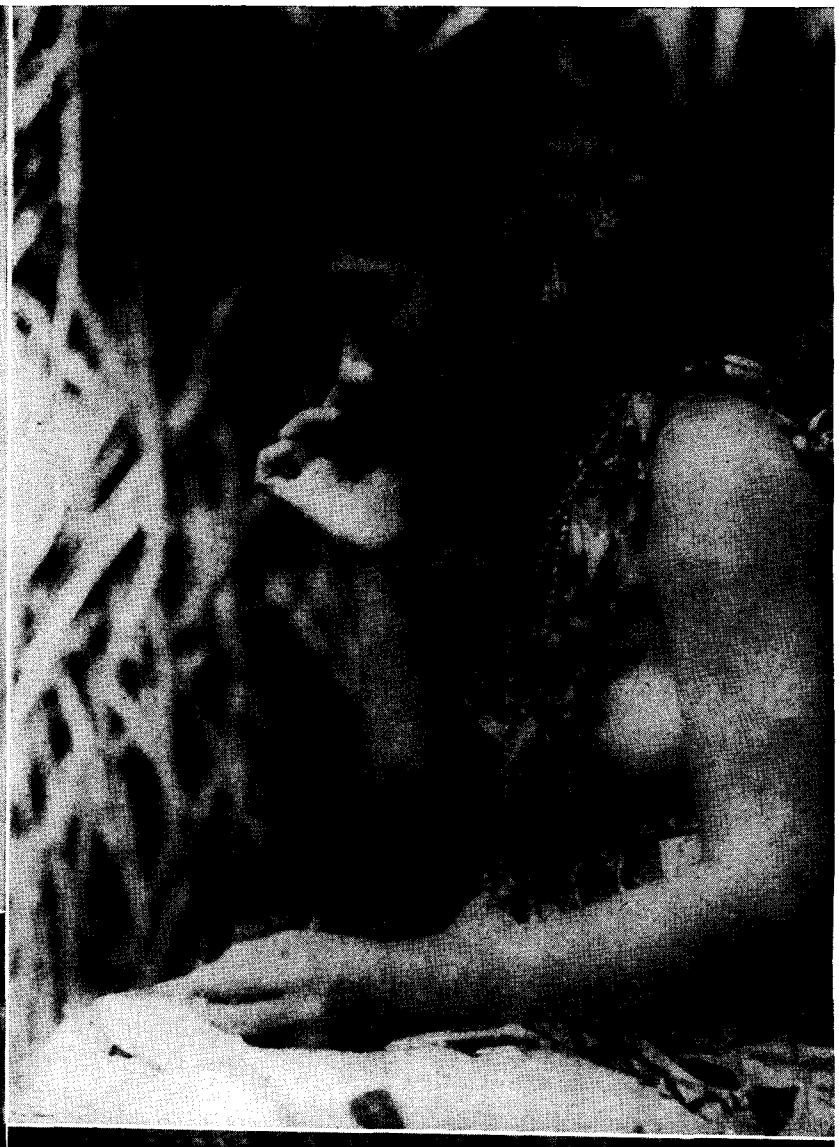

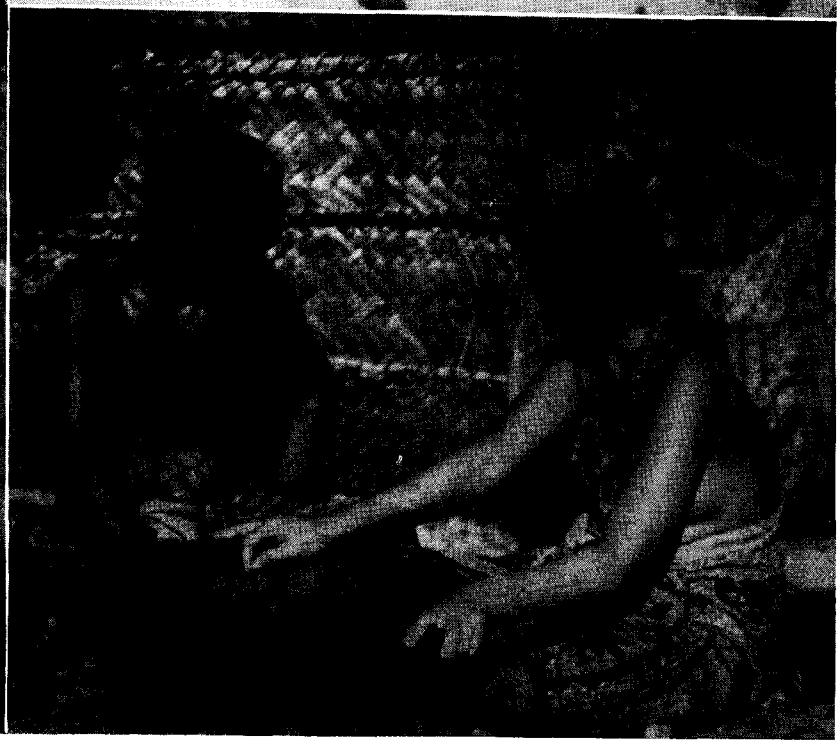

Stills from Flaherty's great triumph 'Moana' **(see page 31)**

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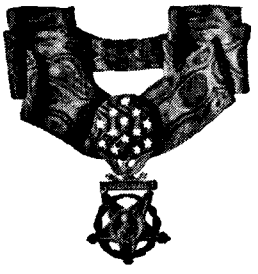
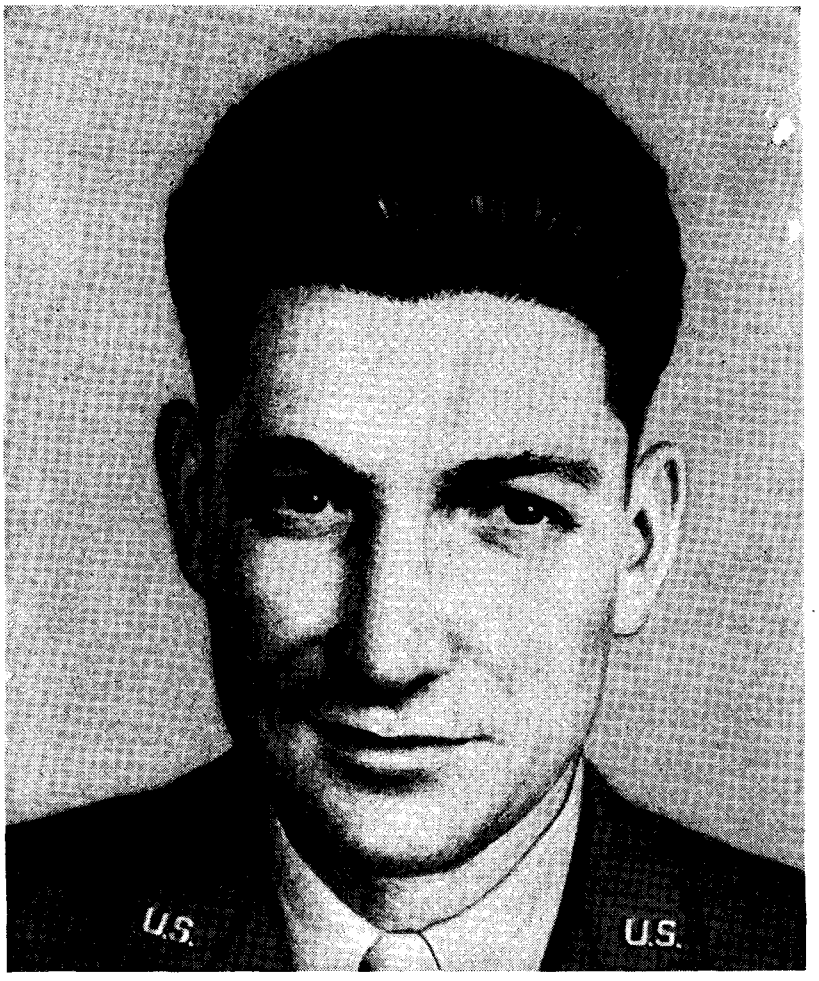
Medal of Honor





Lieutenant Frederick Henry of Clinton, Oklahoma—Medal of Honor for sacrificing himself to save his platoon in combat near Am-Dong, Korea, September 1, 1950. When the platoon could no longer hold its position, Lieutenant Henry ordered the men to pull back. But someone had to stay behind to provide covering fire. He chose to be that man, and was lost.

Always remember this—Lieutenant Henry offered his life for more than just a small platoon in far-away Korea. It was also for America. For you.

Isn't there something you can do when this man did so much? Yes, there is. You can help keep the land he loved solid and strong and secure. You can do a job for defense . . . by buying United States Defense* Bonds, *now!* For your bonds give your country greater strength. And a strong America is your best hope for peace and freedom—just as it was his.

Defense is your job, too. For the sake of *every* man in service, and for ***yours,*** start buying more United States Defense Bonds now.

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!

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